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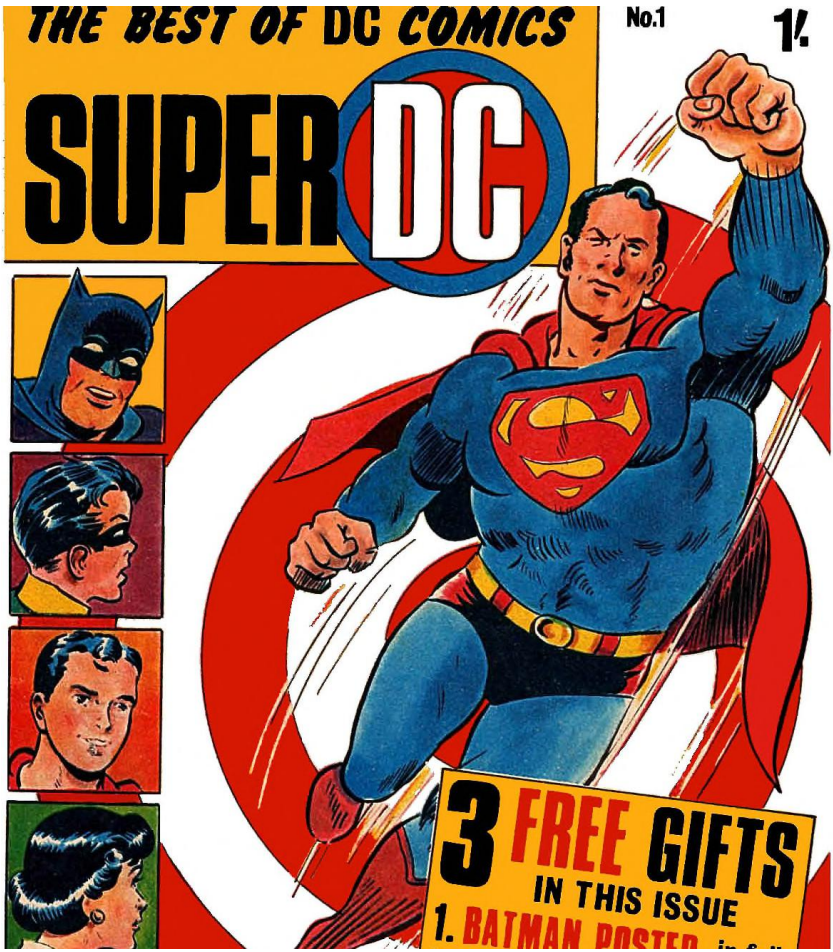
No.l THE BEST OF DC comics SUPE ILS le do full ENDAR A MIAGIC Dise aS MORE PICTURES * MORE STORIES + MORE FEATURES



INTRODUCING SUPER DC HIS is the first issue of a brand new magazine. We hope you'll like it. Many of you will already be familiar with America's DC Comics. They include Batman, Superman, Superboy, Lois Lane and Jimmy Olsen Comics. Super DC is so called because it will combine in one publication strips and stories about all these favourite characters. A super magazine indeed! Super DC is published in Britain and because of this we shall be able to include occasional features on other great characters who are favourites here. This issue, for example, includes a feature on the TV hero, the Saint. We shall also carry sport features and competitions that British readers can enter. The first is on page 30. We hope you'll place a regular order for Super DC every month. We hope you'll tell your friends about it. We also hope that you'll write and give us your views on Super DC, what you like about it, anything you don't like about it. You'll find the address on page 15. Now-—on with the fun! STAR PIC: 1 For seven years Patrick Macnee has been identified with John Steed, the bowler-hatted, umbrella-carrying secret agent he played in The Avengers. The swashbuckling tradition runs YOU D/D ASK FOR TURTLE Sour SiR! SPEEDY STAR! Steve McQueen, who was seen driving a car in one of the greatest ever chase scenes in the film Bullitt, is good at handling anything in the motor line. His love of speed is shown by the fact that at the last count he owned a Ferrari, an Excalibur, a Mustang, a Jaguar and six motorcycles. Once a deckhand on a tanker, he has taken part in speed events all over the world. JIMMY'S SIGNAL WATCH EVERAL years ago, Superman gave his pal, Jimmy Olsen, a signalwatch with which to call him in emergencies. Though it looks like an ordinary time-piece, it is actually unique for, by pressing a hidden signalbutton, Jimmy can send a "zee-zee" sound which is inaudible to the human ear, but easily picked up by the Man of Steel's super-hearing. By altering the frequency, Jimmy can also send signals attuned to the ears of either Supergirl or Krypto the Superdog. Silver, platinum and gold were used in its construction, as well as Tulanium from the planet Zumoor, Morabalt from Xenon, and Deronium, an artificial element unknown in our time, which Superman brought back from the 30th century, where he had been visiting the Legion of SuperHeroes. From the space ship which brought the Kryptonian villain Gra-Mo to Earth, Superman took a rare mineral, Tuhanite, found only on his

home planet. He thought all the rest of this substance had perished when Krypton exploded; but later, after rescuing the bottle-city of Kandor from the spacevillain, Brainiac, he found this tiny Kryptonian metropolis had large supplies of it-though reduced to microscopic size. However, this is one part of the watch which will never have to be replaced, since, like other things from Krypton, it is indestructible under Earth's yellow sun. One might imagine tha: this device would insure Jimmy's safety at all times; but this is not true. Its signal cannot reach through space, nor can it operate across the time-barrier. Once Superman improved the watch so its signal could carry through space, but the first time Jimmy used it, the new part, made of a very rare element, Zenalite, burned and could not be replaced. Once, when Superman was at the Earth's core on a mission, the signal was stopped by a large deposi of lead; another time, high mountains blocked it. Also, powerful electrical disturbances can jam the signal. Thus, Jimmy cannot always count'on Superman to respond to his signal, and so must use his wits to get himself out of difficulties. Criminals plotting against the Man of Steel often try to steal the watch so they can use it to lure their super-foe into Kryptonite traps. Jimmy's ingenuity has thwarted more than one such villain. Once a pickpocket lifted the watch and, not knowing what kind it was, accidentally called Superman with it! On several occasions, the signalwatch has been broken or damaged, and Superman, while repairing it, has improved it. Oh, yes—in case you're wondering, the watch tells time, too! Money couldn't buy such a watch, of course, but how marvellous to own one.

STAR PIC: 1

For seven years Patrick Macnee has been identified with John Steed, the bowler-hatted, umbrella-carrying secret agent he played in *The Avengers*.

The swashbuckling tradition runs in the Macnee family. His mother is a member of the Hastings family who claim Robin Hood as an ancestor. His father, a Scot, was a Berkshire race-horse trainer famous as "Shrimp" Macnee.

As a small boy, Patrick rode gallops at Lambourn with Sir Gordon Richards and other great jockeys; his ambition was to be a jockey himself but he grew too tall. (He is 6 ft. 1 in.).

His acting career began at Eton when he played Queen Victoria in a school play. His film career began in a picture with his cousin, David Niven.

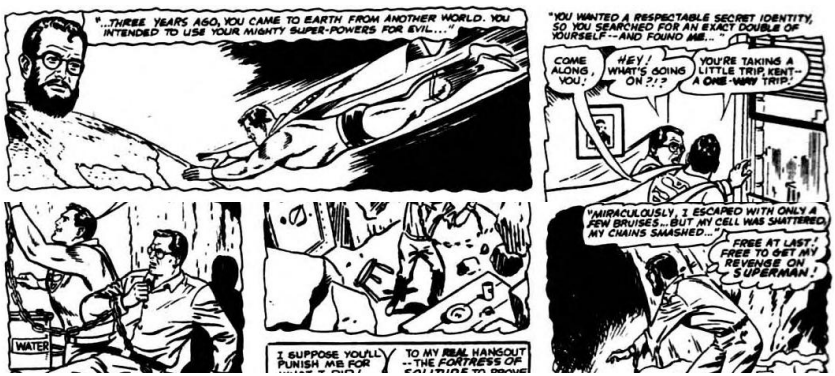
In the war he commanded a motor torpedo boat of the Royal Navy in the North Sea. On the only night when illness kept him from his ship, it was blown up with heavy casualties.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PicTURE ? WELL, CLARK KENT |S TALKING TO SUPERMAN » WHEN WE ALL KNOW THEY'RE THE SAME PERSON ! ALSO, CLARK HAS A BEARD, THOUGH HIS WHISKERS SHOULDN'T ON EARTH ! AND SUPE; ETS... TARK KENT!" Je ITs jPBRMAN ! sepa 1S AGAINST OUR cove! MUST GET TO THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING... NOTHING ELSE MATTERS! aA ¥ Ny A GUN CAN'T HURT YOU, CAN IT, SUPERMAN 7 BUT THIS X-RAY GUN CAN EXBOSE YOUR IDENTITY." YOUR DAYS OF IMPERSONATING MB ARE OVER / AND NEXT MORNING, AS EDITOR PERRY WHITE! TERS CLARK KENT ANO LOIS| LANE 'ONE SIDE! LET ME_INTO THAT anear" OUT THERE? py OFFICE gal P I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST, KENT... ARE YOu? = UPERIMAN. TALK AFTER CHANGING GARB. THE MAN OF TRC MPERSONATNG" co OU MEAN we See Taares STEEL TAKES THE STRANGER TO A You 2 vA, DESERTED MOUNTAINTOP... Si PRE Ti TO HAVE A NICE, poe PRIVATE CHAT: OU

SUPERMAN
complete story
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE? WELL, CLARK KENT IS TALKING TO SUPERMAN!, WHEN WE ALL KNOW THEY'RE THE SAME PERSON! ALSO, CLARK HAS A BEARD; THOUGH HIS WHISKERS SHOULDN'T GROW ON EARTH! AND SUPERMAN IS ACTING LIKE A VILLAIN! IMPOSSIBLE? WELL, IT ALL HAPPENS WHEN THE MAN OF STEEL MEETS...
"The REAL CLARK KENT!"
STOP IT, SUPERMAN! KILLING IS AGAINST OUR CODE!
SHUT UP, KENT, OR YOU'LL BE NEXT!
ONE NIGHT, NEAR METROPOLIS, A LONE FIGURE STAGGERS ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...
MUST GET TO THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING... NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!

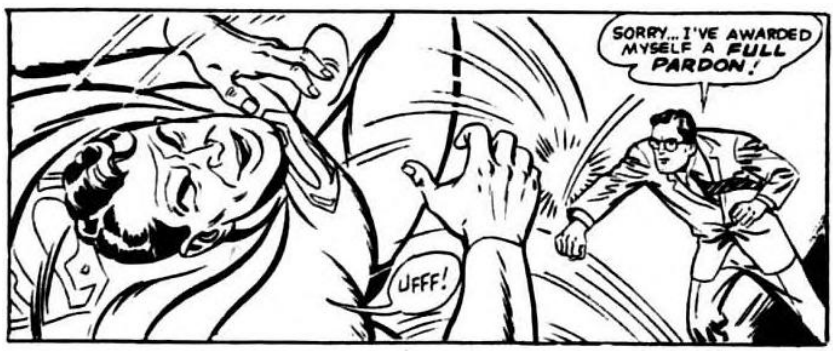
AND NEXT MORNING, AS EDITOR PERRY WHITE TALKS TO REPORTERS CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE...
THIS IS A GREAT STORY, CLARK! I--
WHAT'S ALL THE RUCKUS OUT THERE?
ONE SIDE! LET ME INTO THAT OFFICE!
DAILY
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST, KENT...
LOOK OUT, CLARK! HE HAS A GUN!
A GUN CAN'T HURT YOU, CAN IT, SUPERMAN! BUT THIS X-RAY GUN CAN EXPOSE YOUR IDENTITY! YOUR DAYS OF IMPERSONATING ARE OVER!
GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! THAT EMBLEM... CLARK IS SUPERMAN!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I'M "IMPERSONATING"
CLARK..I MEAN SUPERMAN... WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT? YOU'D NEVER DO A THING LIKE THAT!
AFTER CHANGING GARB, THE MAN OF STEEL TAKES THE STRANGER TO A DESERTED MOUNTAINTOP...

Resi 1D. Hy TABLE SECRET IDENTITY, *-ANO PECTS FORA “THEN YOU LOCKEO ME IN A “THEN 4 FEW DAYS AGO, AN EARTHQUAKE MOUNTAIN RETREAT YOrD BUILT,” TIRUGE THe MOUNTAIN." (2h teal PLANET IN YOUR PLACE.’ y/ HA, HA! WAAIRACULOUSLY,, 1 ESCAPEO WITH ONLY A FEW BRUISES... BUT MY CELL WAS 2 MY CHAINS SMASHED...) TOMY HANGOUT Tae Aes Or SOLITUDE,TO PROVE] YOU'RE WRONG / ‘6. TRACE: BuT T DON'T SEE A OF id SIGN OF THE ‘QUAKE!) THE aa UNCOUBT < 7 EDLY STUMBLED THROUSH YAU IT wren you Lert THe >. CAVES ss Hou CITY OF METROPOLIS ¢ ot mie Fora TMS PLACE 1S ALMOST A CARBON COPY OF MY OWN METROPOLIS... BUT. THERE) 7 ARE DIFFERENCES... ie A See NT EheSTINe OMe


"...THREE YEARS AGO, YOU CAME TO EARTH FROM ANOTHER WORLD. YOU INTENDED TO USE YOUR MIGHTY SUPER-POWERS FOR EVIL..."
"YOU WANTED A RESPECTABLE SECRET IDENTITY, SO YOU SEARCHED FOR AN EXACT DOUBLE OF YOURSELF--AND FOUND ME..."
COME ALONG, YOU!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?!?
YOU'RE TAKING A LITTLE TRIP, KENT-- A ONE-WAY TRIP!
WATER
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL PUNISH ME FOR
TO MY REAL HANGOUT --THE FORTRESS OF
"MIRACULOUSLY, I ESCAPED WITH ONLY A FEW BRUISES...BUT MY CELL WAS SHATTERED, MY CHAINS SMASHED..."
FREE AT LAST! FREE TO GET MY REVENGE ON SUPERMAN!

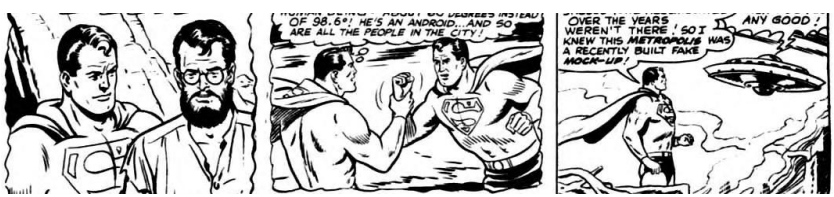
WATER!
*FIRST, THOUGH, I EXAMINED THE SUPER-SCIENTIFIC DEVICES YOU'D STORED IN YOUR MOUNTAIN HANGOUT..."
AH! THIS X-RAY GUN IS JUST WHAT I NEED TO EXPOSE SUPERMAN'S CAKE SECRET IDENTITY! I'LL GO TO METROPOLIS FOR A SHOWDOWN!
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL PUNISH ME FOR WHAT I DID! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME NOW?
TO MY REAL HANGOUT --THE FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE, TO PROVE YOU'RE WRONG!
UP... UP... AND AWA-A-A-Y!
SOON...
LOOK AT THIS OLD NEWSREEL FILM!
IT'S YOU... AS A TEEN-AGE SUPERBOY... IN MY HOME TOWN, SMALLVILLE! AND THAT'S MY DAD'S STORE IN THE BACKGROUND! HOW CAN THAT BE POSSIBLE?
I BELIEVE YOU'RE FROM A PARALLEL EARTH... A NEAR DUPLICATE OF THIS WORLD WHICH OCCUPIES THE SAME SPACE, BUT IN ANOTHER DIMENSION!
THEN I EXPOSED THE WRONG SUPERMAN! BUT HOW DID I GET HERE?
I'D GUESS THE QUAKE'S VIBRATIONS OPENED A DIMENSIONAL WARP!
DIRECTED BY HIS DOUBLE, SUPERMAN FLIES TO A MOUNTAIN SOME DISTANCE FROM METROPOLIS...
THIS IS THE MOUNTAIN... BUT I DON'T SEE A SIGN OF THE 'QUAKE!
I CAN DETECT TRACES OF RADIATION LEFT BY THE WARP! YOU UNDOUBTEDLY STUMBLED THROUGH IT WHEN YOU LEFT THE CAVE!
BY ANALYZING THE RADIATION, I DETERMINED THE PROPER VIBRATIONAL SPEED NEEDED TO BREAK THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER!
MY INDESTRUCTIBLE CAPE WILL PROTECT YOU! HERE WE GO!
YOU DID IT... WE'RE HERE!
YOUR CITY OF METROPOLIS IS A NEAR-PERFECT DOUBLE OF MINE, ALL RIGHT!
BUT I'M RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED! THE EVIL SUPERMAN IS STILL AT LARGE-- AND IMPERSONATING ME!
I SEE HIM WITH MY TELESCOPIC VISION!
STAY HERE, WHILE I CONFRONT HIM IN YOUR PLACE-- AS CLARK KENT!
AFTER SWITCHING GARB, SUPERMAN ENTERS THE TEEMING CITY...
THIS PLACE IS ALMOST A CARBON COPY OF MY OWN METROPOLIS... BUT THERE ARE DIFFERENCES... SOME VERY INTERESTING ONES!
THE EVIL SUPERMAN IS STILL AT LARGE-- AND IMPERSONATING ME!
STAY HERE, WHILE I CONFRONT HIM IN YOUR PLACE-- AS CLARK KENT!
ENTERS THE TEEMING CITY...
THIS PLACE IS ALMOST A CARBON COPY OF MY OWN METROPOLIS... BUT THERE ARE DIFFERENCES... SOME VERY INTERESTING ONES!

[SUODEMY, THE BOGUS RED-AND BLUE FIGURE SWOOPS ONTO THE SCENE, IN METROPOLIS PARN,.. DON'T KNOW HOW YC KENT-SORRY... I'VE AWARDE| AYSELE A PULL PARDON / NTENCE IMPRISONMENT TH "LL GIVE YOU A LIGHT. A GE HEAT VISION WILL REDUCE, He a cAbeo Snow S| fo} IER / ARE OVER rr ACINOI IMPOSSIBLE / ONLY SOMEONE WITH SUPER: STRENGTH COULD HAVE DONE THAT TO ME / Z ¢ : th ln THE GROUND TREMBLES AS THE TWO MIGHTY OPPONENTS CLASH IN. ‘SUPER OR NOT, THE MAN DOESN'T COMBAT . anes LIVE WHO CAN TAKE ME ON... AT LEAST HE COESN'T LIVE LONG! HIS STRENGTH IS EBBING -- STI THAT A SUPERMAN SHOULD TIRE / ANYWAY, TILL FINISH idl OFF SOON !



FINAL STAGGERING BLOW IS DEALT TO 1S Wi LIKE A RUNAWAY ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION, THE MAN OF STEEL WREAKS HAVOC IN THE CITY'S STREETS Ue NOW THAT HE'S DISPOSED OF. MY NEXT TARGET 1S --METROPOLIS/ me foe He's WRECKING THAT BUILDING | ‘RUNWA 7 |SECONOS LATER, THE MAN OF MUGHT te SPOTS A NEARBY AREA RICH IN , >) URANIUM ... WHAT ARE YOu DOING 7 You AGAIN ? GET A Ps oe i TO THE CITY 7 EVEN | LOST, BEFORE I TAKE ‘ : FROM HERE I COULD } STEPS TO LOSE You Z QET TNE . SEE YOU CRASHING PERMANENTLY / BUILDINGS ! | eee 10) | 4 aN /REAT SCOTT! THAT MUST BE i774 , ANO I WAS SURE THE SUPERA THE OTHER EARTH WOULD OVERCOME THE Fe URANIUM SHOULD PRODUC!

eens METROPOLIS 15 COMPLETELY MINITES PASS. AND AS THE AIR SOREBODING SPACECRAFT STARTS ENGULFED UNDER A MASSIVE MUSH — aie asst TO CLEAR MATERIAL ce ABiNe THE MAN OF 574 OOM CL. 5 cal . VERY CLEVER: SUPERMAN! TELL ME, WHAT GAVE US AWAY? HOW es Eaetn eee aie (ANDROIDS # s LYM SS6S aes IPERMAN REVENGE ste TE OSMIEE TOE OUET AG CME OF Te Bibs! Z MUST STALL te Bro oe FIND OUT WHAT. “GUT 1 WAS REALLY CERTAIN WHEN I CAME, SUPERMAN... *... WHEN T NOTICED THE OTHER CLARK me INTO CONTACT WITH YOUR. oe VET HE CLAIMED HE'D BEEN LOCKED UP IN SOLITARY FOR YEARS... HUMAN BEING --ABOUT 60 DEGREES INSTEAD. OF, 98. 601 E'S AN ANDROID...AND 50, ‘ALL THE PEOPLE HOU! WER THE YEARS , ry WEREN'T THERE / SOT SCAN THE SKY wii) YOUR TELESCOPI VISION AND. Fete ME WHAT 704 SEE! TE LD WHICH WILL PERMAI Gee Aone OF Tyas N_FROM ALL OTHERS! THIS ew IRE WORLO, IN EFFECT, WILL BE A GIGANTK, ISOLATED PRISON / AND YOu MUST OMIT Our LITTLE MELODRAMA WA ue DIMENSIONAL LOCK: i ce SOM ELE tHeir i TO Ses il Hoge nice ten / EVEN THE CLARK ANDROID THOUGHT THE STORY HE TOLD YOU WAS TRUE! TO BELIGVE THEY WERE REALLY HUMAN / E bas iu


OF 98.6°! HE'S AN ANDROID, AND SO ARE ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE CITY!
OVER THE YEARS I WEREN'T THERE ! SO I KNEW THIS METROPOLIS WAS A RECENTLY BUILT FAKE MOCK-UP!
ANY GOOD !

WE'RE LEAVING NOW, SUPERMAN AND You'll BE STRANDED WERE FOR ALL ETERNITY. 1S RID ENEMY SECONDS LATER, SUPERMAN CATCHES UP Witn We RAPIDLY SPECONG CRAFT THERE'S THE OPENING -~ | BUT IT'S RAPIDLY SHRINKING / THERE'LL ONLY BE TIME FORONE OF US TO GET THROUGH / MY TROUBLES AREN'T OVER YET. THE KENT ANDROID EXPOSEO MY SECRET !OENTITY WITH THAT X-RAY WN. WIM... 'LL USE MY i SUPER-MEMORY TO CONSTRUCT A GUN THAT LOOKS LIKE IT... BUT PERFORMS DIFFERENTLY', cM DON' GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST.' Z UNDERSTAND') JIMMY'S WEARING - SUPERMAN UNF: -| 4 DISGUISED PROTEC' E of the SUPE DESPERATELY. THE AMAN OF MIGHT HURLS HIMSELF AT THE BARRIER, BUT... QOFE! THEY'RE RIGHT-- J WAIT! THERE EVEN I CAN'T BREAK 315 A WAY OUT: THROUGH' AM I REALLY TRAPPED FOR GOOD | THE REVENGE SQUAD MUST HAVE PROVIOED AN OPENING IN THE DIMENSIONAL WALL FOR THEIR OWN SHIPS Witw AN ADDED BURST OF SUPER-SPEED, THE MAN OF STEEL SPURTS AHEAD OF THE SHIP "ASSES THROUGH THE NARROWING DIMENSIONAL GAP... Pe emer BY THE VERY BARRIER THAT WAS dole ister TAKE THAT X-RAY GUN FROM THE PHONEY KENT ? HERE, LOIS-- SHOOT THE GUN AT JIMMY ANO SEE WHAT HAPPENS / NO, PERRY. THIE "x-R£Y GUNS ONLY Re! THAT MAN POSING AS ME WAS JUST A-ER -- PUBLICITY- SEEKING CRACKPOT:| WELL, CLARK, IT LOOKS) MY GuN-SWITCHING LIKE I WAS WRONG "RUSE WORKED' THAT ABOUT YOU AGAIN:) SHOULD QuiET HER ANO I WAS SO SURB /SUSPICIONS--UNTIL THIS TIME. TOMORROW, ANYWAY,' 4

WE'RE LEAVING NOW, SUPERMAN-- AND YOU'LL BE STRANDED HERE FOR ALL ETERNITY!
THE SUPERMAN REVENGE SQUAD IS RID OF ITS ENEMY FOREVER! HA, HA...

DESPERATELY, THE MAN OF MIGHT HURLS HIMSELF AT THE BARRIER, BUT...
QOFF! THEY'RE RIGHT-- EVEN I CAN'T BREAK THROUGH! AM I REALLY TRAPPED FOR GOOD -
WAIT! THERE IS A WAY OUT!

THERE'LL ONLY BE TIME FOR ONE OF US TO GET THROUGH!
JUST MADE IT!
MY TROUBLES AREN'T OVER YET.. THE KENT ANDROID EXPOSED MY
LATER, AT THE PLANET...
BUT WHY DID YOU TAKE THAT X-RAY
THIS TIME...
SUSPICIONS--UNTIL TOMORROW, ANYWAY!
THE END

S the Batmobile roared towards A Cherry Blossom Road in the suburbs of Gotham City, Robin turned to Batman, who was piloting the great black car. “Holy hoopla,” he exclaimed, “I guess we’re heading for Ma Parker's hide out, but why? How do you link her with the fact that a toy crime kit was left at the scene of a supermarket robbery?” Batman smiled grimly. “The Greatest Mother of Them All’ as she calls herself, has lifted an idea straight out of Dickens. You remember your Oliver Twist, Robin?” “You mean the boy who wanted more porridge?” asked Robin. Batman laughed. “Wrong reference, Boy Wonder. Think of Fagin and the Artful Dodger. But we’re almost there now. We must hide the Batmobile.” They crept through the straggling bushes that were all that was left of the garden of the house in Cherry Blossom Road. They could hear the chatter of many voices from inside and they gained a side window and peered inside. The big living room was equipped like a classroom. A large blackboard was set up at one end and at desks facing it were about 40 grinning boys and girls. Ma Parker, with her miscreant offspring beside her, was presiding at a big table by the easel. She was talking in her shrill voice while, cradled in her arms, was her usual companion, a wicked-looking sub-machine gun. EXAM TIME “Now that was sure a swell job you kids put over,” she said. “You've all passed your first examination with full marks.) Those among you who are majoring in safe-cracking get your diplomas right now, for not having to use the cutting torch. You made one mistake, some of you; you left some of the tools of your trade behind you. Watch that in future. All in all, I call it a thumping success and I’m proud of you all. Today, you undergo your final test. Those of you who pass this one will graduate at once from our Academy and can go into professional practice right away.” She fondled the sub-machine gun lovingly. “You, my chickens, are the nanny is actually training these youngnext generation of miscreants. When sters to be criminals.” we practitioners grow old and want to _ “Holy waxworks, look at this, retire and rest, the torch of crime will Batman!” Robin whispered. Into the be passed to your young and eager TOOmM came Batman, the Caped hands. You are all now proficient in Crusader, and Robin, the Boy Wonder. hoodwinking the cops. Many of you The masks, the capes, the emblems can open safes by listening through looked genuine. Only the tatuous grins

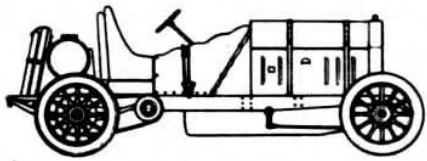
stethoscopes to the tumblers, as your 0" the two faces told the hidden skilled and sensitive fingers turn the watchers the real identity of the fake knobs. Those not gifted that way can Dynamic Duo. all use the oxy-acetylene torch. You “Now, students,” Ma Parker began. are all familiar with pistols and smoke- “Here, before you, you see the two bombs. Well done! Now comes the Most pestiferous punks in Gotham supreme test. Pretty Boy, Dog City. These two are the sworn foes of Catcher, are you ready?” every member of our criminal community. They live only to thwart our villainies.” FAKE DUO She looked fondly at her two apish sons tricked out in their carnival out“All set, Ma,” grinned the two fits. “Take good notice of these two, gangling youths beside her, and they my prize pupils,” she went on. “You went from the room, leering at the will encounter them often in your Pupils. future careers. You will leam to “See what I mean, Robin?” respect them for, I must admit, their muttered Batman. “This nefarious exploits are redoubtable. You see be9

the CRIME SCHOOL

In the hush that followed. Batman produced his Batar. fore you, in the guise of the dreary Dynamic Duo, my sons Pretty Boy and Dog Catcher. They are leaving now and, when they return, each of you, in tum, will be pitted against them. You will all need all the skill and cunning in unarmed combat that you have veen taught to hold your own against them. Judo, keidokwai, karate, may all be tsed. Today's exercises will be of the utmost value to you before you all meet the real Caped Crusaders. Boys, you may retire for a while. Our students will now prepare themselves for your re-entry and will figure'out ways ot foiling you." "Gee, Ma," leered Dog Catcher. "Is it okay if I break an arm or two?" "I'd sure like to practice that hammer-lock I been learning, Ma," guffawed Pretty Boy. INTO ACTION Ma Parker waved her gun. "Careful, boys," she warned them. "This is just play, remember that. Any monkey business and I'll tan your hides, both of you. And, as for you, Legs—" and she tumed to the tittering girl, "wipe that grin off your pan double quick." "Hist, Robin," whispered Batman. "Into action, old lad. 1. think it time we butted in on this graduation day ceremony of this learned establishment, don't you?" Pretty Boy and Dog Catcher, in the kitchen, were amazed when two replicas of themselves appeared from nowhere. They had no time to cry out before the gags were in their mouths and they were trussed up and tossed into an outhouse. "Back to school, Robin," Batman said. There was silence when they made their way through the kitchen and emerged into the classroom. Ma Parker waved her gun. "Now, who is the first candidate?" she grinned. "Don't all speak at once." The assembled students stared at the caped figures. They knew that the pair were really Pretty Boy and Dog Catcher under those masks. Even so, the couple did look very daunting. All knew of the real Dynamic Duo and of their exploits and suddenly they felt scared. The other things, the smokebombs, the safe opening and all the other lessons had been fun and they'd enjoyed playing at them, under the motherly eye of Ma Parker, Principal of the Parker College of Crime. But this was different. "Come, come," snapped the Head Mistress, brandishing her gun. "Are you all chicken? The first who volunteers gets his or her diploma first. We can't wait all day. We've real work to plan. On the blackboard you see a plan of the vaults of the Gotham City Guaranty Trust Bank. Tonight, my children, as a post-graduate exercise, we are going to raid those

vaults. After tonight's job, we'll all be on East Street for a while and there will be a vacation. Doesn't that tempt you? They aren't the real Caped Crusaders, you know. They're only those two big louts of sons of mine." In the hush that followed, Batman produced his Batarang and hurled it towards Ma Parker. It hooked round her gun and he hauled it in to his own grip. Ma Parker shrieked abuse. "What's the idea, you crazy goons?" she shrilled. "This is only an exercise, remember. By golly, I'll leather the hides of you two for this." Somehow, Robin had contrived to put himself in front of the other door out of the room and he stood there grinning as Batman, with the gun cradled in his arms, replied solemnly to Ma Parker. "Playtime's over, Ma. T've no doubt you had fun while it lasted. But that vacation you spoke of has come sooner than you intended." "No! It can't be the Dynamic Duo, in person?" she screamed. SUPER DC MUSEUM: Top racing car of its day, this 16Hitre Fist won the French Grand Prix at Dieppe in 1907. Driven by Felice Nazzaro, it covered 477.4 miles st an average speed of 70.5 m.p.h. g and hur NOW WHAT HAVE | DONE WITH MY PIPE? | HADIT A MINUTE AGO. "None other, Ma'am, at your service," laughed Batman. "We thought it best to give your students a sight of the real opposition. Because I'm afraid their careers of crime aren't going to start at all. A few months in reform school will get rid of those pernicious ideas you have been putting into their innocent heads. As for you and your felonious family, Ma; I feel that a long spell in the penitentiary will do you a world of good. Just pick up that phone, Ma, and call the Commissioner." WINDOW DASH "You daren't ..." she shrieked and dashed for the window, followed by her wailing daughter, Legs. A short burst into the air from the submachine gun stopped them in midstride and Ma Parker turned, her face a mask of fury. "The phone," said Batman relentlessly. With a face filled with hatred she made the call and replaced the receiver. Machine gun in hand, Batman sat on the edge of the table, swinging one leg. "We'll all just sit quietly and wait for the arrival of the patrol wagons, shall we?" he suggested serenely. Ma Parker reflected moodily. Just how could a respectable crook ever hope to get rid of these pests of Caped Crusaders? @ Watch out for another great story of Batman—and Robin, the Boy Wonder, of course—in the next issue of Super DC. There'll be a Superman story too, and much, much more besides in this great new adventure magazine. Do your friends a favour and tell them about Super DC.

•SUPER DC MUSEUM•



Top racing car of its day, this 16-litre Fiat won the French Grand Prix at Dieppe in 1907. Driven by Felice Nazzaro, it covered 477.4 miles at an average speed of 70.5 m.p.h.

The text on this page is estimated to be only 35.71% accurate

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SARGE, HAVE A HEART! WE'VE BEEN SLOGGING THROUGH THIS SWAMP FOR HOURS! WE'RE ON OUR LAST LEGS!
HUP...TWO...THREE...FOUR! KEEP MARCHING, MARINES! DISOBEY MY ORDERS AND I'LL TOSS YOU INTO THE STOCKADE!
GASP! THEN IT'S TRUE SINCE JIMMY JOINED THE MARINES, HE'S BECOME THE MOST HEARTLESS HEEL IN THE CORPS!
THE U.S. MARINES ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR HARD-BOILED CHARACTERS... BUT MEET THE GUY WHO TOPS THEM ALL.... A FLINT-HEARTED SERGEANT WHO DRILLS HIS MEN TILL THEY DROP AND TOSSES THEM IN THE STOCKADE FOR THE SLIGHTEST MISDEED, YET, INCREDIBLE AS IT SEEMS, THIS RUTHLESS BULLY WAS ONCE CHARMING, WARM-HEARTED JIMMY OLSEN, REPORTER FOR THE DAILY PLANET. WHY IS JIMMY IN UNIFORM? AND WHAT HAS CHANGED THE FUN-LOVING JIMMY INTO...
SERGEANT OLSEN... TOUGHEST MAN IN THE MARINES!
SUPERMAN'S PAL
JIMMY OLSEN
ONE DAY, IN MARINE BOOT CAMP, AS A RECRUIT SQUAD WATCHES...
ULP! PUSH-UPS, WITH FULL PACKS! MAN, THOSE DRILL INSTRUCTORS ARE ROUGH!
OUR NEW D.I. IS DUE TO REPORT TODAY! HE'S PROBABLY LIKE THE REST...AS HARD-BOILED AS AN OVER-COOKED EGG!
BUT LATER, A PLEASANT SURPRISE...
THIS OUR NEW D.I.? LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR GEAR, SARGE!
AT EASE, BOOTS! I CAN HANDLE THIS SEA-BAG MYSELF!
READER, DOES THIS NEW D.I. LOOK FAMILIAR?
I'M SERGEANT JIMMY OLSEN, YOUR SQUAD INSTRUCTOR HERE...THESE CANDY BARS ARE ON ME. ENJOY YOURSELVES WHILE I GIVE THE CAMP THE ONCE-OVER.
CANDY, SARGE, YOU ARE A PAL!
MAN, ARE WE IN LUCK! THIS OLSEN IS TOPS. BOOT TRAINING SHOULD BE A BREEZE WITH HIM IN CHARGE.
HOW DID A NICE GUY LIKE THAT BECOME A D.I.?
THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION. FOR THE ANSWER...
...LET'S FOLLOW SERGEANT OLSEN TO A REMOTE BUILDING, WHERE...
OLSEN, THE SPECIAL TRAINING YOU GOT TAUGHT YOU TO LOOK LIKE A PSYCHO, I SUPPOSE, BUT REMEMBER, WHY YOU'RE HERE.
HOW COULD I FORGET, GENERAL CRANE? I'M TO FIND THE SPY WHO IS KNOWN TO BE OPERATING SOMEWHERE IN THIS CAMP.
CHECK! AND WORK FAST, OLSEN! THAT SPY MUST BE AFTER THE PLANS OF THIS SUPER-TANK WE'RE TESTING HERE. TRUST NO ONE... NOT EVEN THE CAMP COMMANDER.
RELY ON ME, SIR! I'M A TRAINED SECRET AGENT. I'LL SEE THE PENTAGON GAVE ME THIS JOB.
ONE LAST WORD! A D.I. CONTROLS THE LIFE OF EVERY RECRUIT IN HIS SQUAD. DON'T ABUSE THAT POWER, OLSEN!
I UNDERSTAND, SIR! AND NOW, EXCUSE ME. I WANT TO LOOK OVER THE CAMP AND CHECK MY SQUAD'S TRAINING SCHEDULE.
BUT, AN HOUR LATER, WHEN SERGEANT OLSEN RETURNS TO THE BARRACKS...
OKAY, YOU KNUCKLE-HEADS! ON YOUR FEET! I WANT YOU TO PICK UP EVERY BUTT AND SCRAP OF PAPER IN THESE BARRACKS... AFTER THAT, TAKE OUT YOUR TOOTH-BRUSHES!
TOOTH-BRUSHES? WHAT FOR?
YOU HEARD ME. SWAB EVERY CRACK IN THIS FLOOR WITH YOUR TOOTH-BRUSHES! AND FROM NOW ON, CALL ME SIR!
YESSIR! GULP!
THE HONEYMOON'S OVER. THIS GUY OLSEN HAS TURNED INTO A HOLY TERROR!
BUT, IT'S EVEN WORSE. NEXT MORNING, LONG BEFORE DAWN...
HMM! MY SQUAD IS STILL IN THE SACK! I'VE GOT THE PERFECT ALARM CLOCK FOR THEM.

The text on this page is estimated to be only 19.29% accurate

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ALL RIGHT, YOU BOOTS! HIT THE DECK! RISE AND SHINE!
EEEYOW!
BUT, SARGE... I MEAN SIR! IT'S STILL AN HOUR TO REVEILLE!
GRAB YOUR SOCKS, BOOT! WE'RE GOING TO USE THAT EXTRA HOUR TO DRILL!
AND SO THE LONG DAY'S TORMENT BEGINS...
AND WHILE YOU FOUR PRACTICE SALUTING, I'LL TAKE COLE AND BARON ON A TRAINING MARCH.
YESSIR, SERGEANT!
LONG AFTERWARD...
BUT, SIR... HAVE A HEART! WE'VE ALREADY MARCHED TWENTY MILES WITH FULL FIELD PACKS!
THAT LEAVES A MERE TWENTY MORE TO GO! WE'LL DO IT DOUBLE TIME! FORWARRRD MARCHHH!
THAT NIGHT, IN THE MESS HALL...
THOSE NEW BOOTS IN YOUR SQUAD SURE LOOK BUSHED. I SAVED THEM SOME SUPPER, SARGE.
THOSE GUYS DON'T HAVE TIME FOR A BANQUET! GIVE THEM A COUPLE OF THOSE DRIED-OUT BALONEY SANDWICHES. THEY'RE GOING ON SPECIAL DUTY IN FIVE MINUTES!
SOON...
SENTRY DUTY! BUT WE JUST FINISHED A FORTY-MILE HIKE!
NONE OF YOUR LIP, BOOT! YOU'LL GUARD THIS WAREHOUSE UNTIL I DISMISS YOU.
MEANWHILE, I'LL PATROL THIS AREA AND SEARCH FOR THAT SPY.
BUT WHEN SERGEANT OLSEN RETURNS...
JUST AS I FIGURED! THEY FELL ASLEEP.
GROAN! BUT, SARGE, WE WERE POOPED ON OUR LAST LEGS.
OKAY, YOU GOOF-OFFS! ON YOUR FEET! YOU'LL GET THE BRIG FOR SLEEPING ON SENTRY DUTY. IN WARTIME YOU'D BE SHOT FOR THAT!
THE PUNISHMENT IS SWIFT AND SEVERE! NEXT DAY...
TWO WEEKS IN THE BRIG! MAN, THAT NEW O.C., OLSEN, IS A REGULAR BEAST OF BERLIN!
THEY SAY HE HAS A HEART OF SOLID CONCRETE!
SGT. JOHNSON
LATER, AS OLSEN CONTINUES TO BROWBEAT HIS MEN...
ALL RIGHT, YOU CLOWNS, I'M PUTTING YOU THROUGH THE OBSTACLE COURSE TODAY! WATCH ME AND I'LL DEMONSTRATE HOW TO CLIMB THIS BARBED-WIRE HURDLE! IT'S SIMPLE!
SURE, IT IS... FOR HIM, WITH HIS SLICKERS AND PADDED UNIFORM!
BUT WHEN THE BOOTS TRY TO FOLLOW...
GROAN! WHAT A SIMON LEGREE! I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN THROUGH A MEAT-GRINDER!
OF ALL THE CLUMSY KNUCKLE-HEADS! YOU'VE TORN YOUR UNIFORM TO SHREDS!
BUT, SIR, WE WERE ONLY FOLLOWING YOUR ORDERS.
SILENCE IN THE RANKS! I'LL DO THE TALKING! DELIBERATELY DESTROYING GOVERNMENT PROPERTY IS A MILITARY OFFENSE. YOU'LL GET THE BRIG FOR THIS!
AND SOON...
ANOTHER TWO BOOTS IN THE BRIG STOCKADE! I THOUGHT THE REST OF US O.T.'S WERE RUGGED! BUT OLSEN MAKES US LOOK LIKE POWDER-PUFFS.

LATER, IN A WAREHOUSE, AS SECRET AGENT OLSEN REPORTS VIA A LASER COMMUNICATOR...
STILL NO SIGN OF THAT SPY, EH? WELL, KEEP SEARCHING!... INCIDENTALLY, WE'VE HEARD REPORTS THAT YOU'RE PRETTY ROUGH ON THOSE BOOTS
ONLY DOING MY DUTY, GENERAL! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY MEN! OVER AND OUT!
BUT THE WORST IS YET TO COME. THE FOLLOWING DAY, OUT IN THE BOONDOCKS...
MARCH THROUGH THAT SWAMP? BUT IT MUST BE FIVE MILES ACROSS.
AFRAID TO GET YOUR FEET WET? IT'LL TOUGHEN YOU UP FOR COMBAT DUTY, BESIDES, I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
RIGHT BEHIND US! HA! WHILE WE SLOSH THROUGH THE MUD, THAT CREEP RIDES IN A RUBBER BOAT.
KEEP YOUR WEAPONS HIGH AND DRY! REMEMBER, A MARINE'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS RIFLE.
BUT AFTER THE GRUELLING HIKE...
THAT WAS A ROUGH MARCH, SO I'M GOING TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU. YOU CAN GO, FOR A SWIM IN THIS POND.
WOW! A CHANCE TO WASH THIS MUD OFF, SARGE. YOU'RE A PAL!
BUT WHILE THE BOOTS ARE TAKING THEIR DIP...
NOW FOR OPERATION DOUBLE-CROSS! I'LL GET RID OF THEIR RIFLES!
AS THE RIFLES ARE DUMPED IN THE NEARBY SWAMP, JIMMY HEARS FOOTSTEPS...
MY GIRL FRIEND, LUCY LANE!
LUCY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
UH, JIMMY, I HEARD YOU WERE HERE ON A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT. SINCE MY AIRLINE STEWARDESS SCHEDULE GAVE ME A DAY OFF, I FLEW DOWN TO VISIT YOU. AN ALIBI TOLD ME WHERE YOU WERE.
JIMMY, WHY DID THAT M.P. CALL YOU THE WORLD'S MEANEST MARINE? AND WHY THE UNIFORM? YOU'RE A NEWSPAPER REPORTER!
I'M ON A TOP-SECRET MISSION, LUCY. NOW BEAT IT! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO.
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT!... I'LL GO BACK AND VISIT WITH AN OLD FRIEND... A MARINE LIEUTENANT I MET AT THE CAMP HEADQUARTERS!
HMM... WHY DID JIMMY DITCH THOSE RIFLES IN THE SWAMP? I WONDER?
SOON, AS THE BOOTS END THEIR SWIM...
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR RIFLES? THEY'RE GONE!
SO YOU BONEHEADS LOST THEM, EH? I WARNED YOU A MARINE'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS RIFLE! YOU LAME-BRAINS WILL PAY FOR THIS GOOF WHEN WE GET BACK TO CAMP!
LATER, AS LUCY IS LEAVING HEADQUARTERS, SHE OBSERVES...
FOR LOSING YOUR RIFLES, YOU TWO BOOTS HAVE JUST EARNED TWO WEEKS IN THE BRIG!
GASP! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I'M GOING TO TELL THAT HEEL, JIMMY, OFF!
MOMENTS LATER...
JIMMY OLSEN! NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU A RAT! I SAW YOU SWIPE THOSE MISSING RIFLES! HOW LOW CAN YOU GET?
BUTTON YOUR LIP! IT WAS JUST PART OF AN UNDERCOVER MISSION! NOW, GET LOST!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF SCHEME YOU'RE UP TO, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE SO CONTEMPTIBLE!
IT'S PART OF MY JOB! BUT I DON'T HAVE EXPLAIN WHY I DID IT TO ANYONE!
LATER, IN THE MESS HALL...
LATE AGAIN, OLSEN? HERE... I SAVED YOU SOME DINNER.
THANKS, PAL.
WHAT A SPOT! MY SQUAD'S IN THE BRIG... I'M TAGGED THE TOUGHEST BRUTE IN CAMP... I JUST LOST MY GIRL FRIEND... AND I STILL HAVEN'T CAUGHT THE SPY I'M SUPPOSED TO TRAP!
LOST IN THOUGHT, JIMMY STUMBLES...
OH-OH! THAT'S ALL I NEEDED! MY DAY IS COMPLETE.
KRRRASSSHHH
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN! FORGET IT, OLSEN. I'LL CLEAN UP THIS MESS.
THANKS, BUDDY!
HOLD IT! SOMETHING DOESN'T ADD UP HERE... I'D BETTER CONTACT GENERAL CRANE, AT ONCE!

“AFTER GETTING ORDERS, E TOURED THE CAMP TO CHECK SCeBUtE sUBDENC...

PRESENTLY, IN A REMOTE WAREHOUSE, JIMMY ACTIVATES HIS LASER-BEAM COMMUNICATOR...
AGENT OLSEN REPORTING, GENERAL! CODE RED! REPEAT, CODE RED! I'VE HIT PAY-DIRT! HAVE A SECURITY SQUAD REPORT TO THE MESS HALL ON THE DOUBLE!
SOON AFTERWARD...
GREAT WORK, OLSEN. THAT "COOK" WAS A SECRET FOREIGN AGENT IN DISGUISE. HE'D KIDNAPPED THE REAL MESS SERGEANT AND KEPT HIM TIED UP IN AN UNUSED FOOD STORAGE COMPARTMENT.
WE CAUGHT HIM JUST IN TIME. THE PLANS FOR OUR SUPER-TANK WERE HIDDEN IN THIS LOAF OF BREAD. BUT WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT THAT FAKE COOK WAS THE SPY?
IT WAS THE DISHES, I DROPPED, GENERAL.
IN THE U.S. ARMED FORCES, ANYONE WHO BREAKS A DISH HAS TO GIVE THE COOK HIS NAME, RANK, AND SERIAL NUMBER, SO HIS RECORD BOOK CAN BE CHARGED WITH THE LOSS... WHEN THE COOK SAID TO "FORGET IT", I KNEW HE WAS A PHONEY.
VERY SHREWD.
SOON, IN THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE...
OLSEN, YOUR DISGUISE FOOLED ME COMPLETELY. YOU WERE THE TOUGHEST G.I. EVER TO SERVE IN THIS CAMP! SIX MEN IN THE BRIG, IN THREE DAYS! SET A RECORD.
ULP! I FORGOT! THOSE POOR GUYS... I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.
THOSE BOOTS WEREN'T GUILTY OF BREAKING ANY RULES. I FRAMED THEM! TO LEARN WHY, SEND A BULLDOZER OUT TO AREA Z.
OLSEN, YOU'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR YOUR STRIKE BEHAVIOUR
"AFTER GETTING ORDERS, I TOURED THE CAMP TO CHECK MY SQUAD'S TRAINING SCHEDULE. SUDDENLY...
ULP! AREA Z. SHOW TRACES OF GOLD KRYPTONITE METEORS, WHICH MUST HAVE PLUNGED INTO THE EARTH HERE. I SHOULD WARN SUPERMAN... BUT HE'S AWAY ON A MISSION.
GOOD GRIEF! MY SQUAD IS SCHEDULED TO DIG FOXHOLES HERE IN FOUR DAYS. IF THEY DISCOVER THE GOLD K, THE NEWS WILL SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE! THAT ENEMY SPY IS BOUND TO HEAR ABOUT IT!
LATER, IN AREA Z A STARTLING DISCOVERY...
FANTASTIC! THAT BULLDOZER UNCOVERED A GOLD MINE!
NO, GENERAL. LOOK AT THE WAY THE BULLDOZER BLADE BUCKLED! THAT'S GOLD KRYPTONITE. I DISCOVERED IT ON MY FIRST DAY IN CAMP. GOLD K CAN ROB SUPERMAN OF ALL HIS POWERS... PERMANENTLY!
SOON, AS THE INNOCENT BOOTS ARE RELEASED...
OLSEN, YOU DID YOUR DUTY. WE DON'T MIND SERVING TIME IN THE BRIG... IF IT HELPED SUPERMAN.
THANKS, MEN! I KNOW YOU'LL MAKE GREAT FIGHTING MARINES WHEN YOU FINISH YOUR TRAINING.
THAT SPY COULD USE THE GOLD K TO ELIMINATE OUR COUNTRY'S MOST POWERFUL DEFENSIVE WEAPON, SUPERMAN!
HA, HA! THE GOLD KRYPTONITE HAS DESTROYED SUPERMAN'S SUPER-POWERS PERMANENTLY! AMERICA WILL BE AT OUR MERCY!
I COULDN'T TELL THE CAMP COMMANDER, BECAUSE YOU WARNED ME TO TRUST NO ONE. I HAD TO KEEP MY SQUAD FROM UNCOVERING THE GOLD K, SO I FRAMED THEM RIGHT INTO THE BRIG.
CLEVER, OLSEN! WE'LL SHIELD THE GOLD KRYPTONITE WITH LEAD UNTIL SUPERMAN CAN GET RID OF IT.

OR almost 30 years a couple of characters in the Batman comics have gone without names. These men are Alfred the butler and Commissioner Gordon. Alfred lacks a last name, while Gordon is without a first. Being much disturbed with this terrible problem I set to work to solve it and am writing to you to see if you agree with my names. I started with Alfred. I wanted to give him a last name that was distinguished, but not as dynamic as Bruce Wayne. I wanted a name to fit this character. Therefore I chose the obvious Butler! What better name for a butler could there be than Alfred Butler? Unfortunately I could not use the same gimmick for Gordon. "Commissioner" is not a very common name and the title "Commissioner Commissioner Gordon" is somewhat of a tongue twister. I also felt that Gordon should have a familiar name so | thought I would name him Robert in honour of Batman's creator, Robert Kane. Wilmington, Delaware, USA JACK C. HARRIS Wouldn't it be curious if Alfred's last name were Gordon, and Gordon's first name were Alfred?Then they'd both be named Alfred Gordon! HERE are two things that I want to comment on: villains' prison sentences, and why your heroes never age. Hold tight, here we go! The Dynamic Duo is supposed to have been going for 28 years. Why haven't they aged? I have a solution, but it's a bit unrealistic. You could say that since it's only fiction we can suppose that people, instead of living to about 70 or 80 actually live to about 300 or so! Since people live about four times as long, they also only age four times as slowly! This would seem to be a solution even if not a very good one. However, this too has a snag. Robin has been at school for 28 years! Now let's consider the villains' prison sentences. A villain battles a hero, is defeated and sent to prison. Then he's back again before he could have possibly served his sentence. How long is it for robbery first time? Let's say it's about five years. That means tc let him serve his sentence and not escape you'd have to leave him out of the action for five years. Now five years is only if you take a month of actual time as being a month for your characters (which means Batman has been going for 28 years). However, I suppose you could use the other alternative in which a month is a week. In that case a villain sentenced to five years would have to be kept out of the mag for 20 years! And that only if he was a first offender. There are an awful number of DC villains that should be locked up for keeps! The greatest offender in

this respect is the Joker. He must have been sentenced to life a long time ago. Yet he keeps returning to battle Batman. Whichever time you use, month equals month or month equals week, the villains aren't in for long enough. Of course it would be absurd for you to keep the villains out of your mags for years and years. You've got to use them. So, let's see if we can come up with an excuse. We could say that they just keep escaping. One final thought about your QUIZMASTE In future issues we want to print letters from YOU the readers of new SUPER DC. But to start off the feature we are publishing this month letters that have appeared in DC comics in America. Read them then get out your pen! and heroes ageing. You've got to do as you do, otherwise you'd just have to pack in all-your heroes, or have them chasing villains in wheel chairs. That and the point about the villains' sentences are just things you're forced to overlook, and that's that. PAUL BROUGHTON Beeston, Notts, England. In a comic magazine world, time itself must of necessity be 'unreal! LETTER raised the question of whether or not a hero could have costumes of more than one different colour. I see no reason why this should not be true. It has always seemed foolish to me to see someone just get his supersuper-powers and then have to postpone his heroic career while he stays up nights making a costume. Who needs it? And even assuming he already has a costume, why should he bother to make the spare one just like the original? DONALD D. MARKSTEIN How much do you know about Sexton Blake? 1. When was the first Sexton Blake story published? 2. Who plays Blake on TV?. bloodhound? 3. Who plays Tinker? 4. What is the name of Blake's 5. What make of car does Blake drive? ANSWERS "S0A0Y-S}104 °g 'Ouped "y 'S804 s060Y *f 'ouAeg COUSINET "Z "E681 "L 15

The Skipper's MAILBAG

High Holborn House, 52/54 High Holborn, London WC1.

that they just keep escaping.

One final thought about your

New Orleans,
Louisiana, USA.

QUIZMASTER How much do you know about Sexton Blake?

1. When was the first Sexton Blake story published? 2. Who plays Blake on TV?. 3. Who plays Tinker? 4. What is the name of Blake's bloodhound? 5. What make of car does Blake drive?

ANSWERS

1. 1893; 2. Laurence Payne; 3. Roger Foss; 4. Pedro; 5. Rolls-Royce.

LING ALL 5: EXPERIMEN TAL TLL AVOID ANOTHER HAYMAKER By, TYBNING_ON MY subER SPEED.) VIBES IA SECOND ARM AND FIST MATERIALIZED, AND... OOF! MY SOLAR-PLEXUS “e Oa ° LATER , AT SMALLVILLE WGK. v CLASS / NOTH £ Ice HOW BUT INCREDIBLY, SOMETHING STOPS THE BOY OF s7HBL COLD.’

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
GET SET FOR A SOCKO STORY IN WHICH SUPERBOY GETS CLOBBERED WHEN 3 MYSTERIOUS FLYING FISTS USE HIM FOR A HUMAN PUNCHING-BAG! YES, THE BOY OF STEEL GETS SLUGGED SILLY BY SUPER-POWERFUL UPPERCUTS, HOOKS AND BODY BLOWS IN..
The FISTS and the FURY!
LOOK...IT'S THE THREE FLYING FISTS THAT HAVE BEEN ATTACKING SUPERBOY! NOW THEY'RE COMING DOWN TOWARD YOU, CLARK!
:GULP!: IF THOSE SUPER-SOCKERS POUND AWAY AT ME AND DON'T KNOCK ME TO KINGDOM COME, IT'LL BE A DEAD GIVEAWAY TO MY INDESTRUCTIBLE SUPER-BOY IDENTITY!
IN SMALLVILLE ONE MORNING, CLARK KENT IS RELUCTANT TO GO TO SCHOOL... FOR A VERY GOOD REASON!
DAD KENT WENT TO THE STORE AND I SHOULD REALLY STAY HOME WHILE YOU'RE ILL WITH A FEVER, MOM...
NO, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, CLARK! GO TO CLASS AND DON'T FORGET--THE TEACHER ASKED EACH STUDENT TO BRING A TOY MAGNET, FOR AN IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT!
LATER, AT SMALLVILLE HIGH...
CLASS! NOTICE HOW A MAGNET'S INVISIBLE LINES OF FORCE EXTEND A GOOD DISTANCE AWAY!
MAGNETS ARE FASCINATING... BUT GOSH! I CAN'T HELP WORRYING ABOUT MOM! SHE SHOULD REALLY CALL THE DOCTOR!
AFTER SCHOOL...
TEACHER SAID TO TAKE OUR MAGNETS HOME AND DO SOME EXPERIMENTS OF OUR OWN! LET ME KNOW HOW YOURS TURN OUT, CLARK!
SURE, JIM...
WAIT... THAT SQUAD-CAR'S RADIO!
CALLING ALL CARS! EXPERIMENTAL ARMY MISSILE WENT WILD... HEADING FOR SMALLVILLE HIGH. IT USES INFRA-RED GUIDANCE, AND..
HASTILY SLIPPING BEHIND BUSHES, MILD-MANNERED CLARK MAKES THE SWITCHEROO TO THE DYNAMIC... SUPERBOY!
NOW TO STUFF MY CLARK KENT OUTFIT INTO MY CAPE POUCH AS USUAL AND... HOLY SMOKE! THE MISSILE IS COMING DOWN ALREADY! MUST STOP IT!
BUT INCREDIBLY, SOMETHING STOPS THE BOY OF STEEL COLD!
BLAM
HNNY...UH... A DISEMBODIED ARM POPPED OUT OF THIN AIR... ITS FIST IS CLOBBERING ME WITH SUPER-POWERFUL PUNCHES!
AS SUPERBOY TRIES TO ELUDE THE FLYING FIST...
I'LL AVOID ANOTHER HAYMAKER BY TURNING ON MY SUPER-SPEED... WHEE! A SECOND ARM AND FIST MATERIALIZED, AND... OOF! MY SOLAR-PLEXUS!
SOK
AND WHEN SUPERBOY TRIES TO SPAR AGAINST THE EERIE ARM-POWER...
SUPERBOY! STOP THAT RUNAWAY MISSILE!
POW
BAM!
SOK!
HOW CAN I, LANA? NOW THERE ARE THREE SUPER-POWERFUL FISTS BELTING ME... UNHHH! I'VE BECOME A HUMAN PUNCHING BAG, AND IT HURTS!

USE EXPLOSIVES IN IT! T'tt SEE THAT THE' POPCORN COMPANY'S PAID FOR THE OAMAGES ? NOW TO BRACE ») MYSELE FOR MORE BLOWS! SYSTEM WICH 1S ATTRACTE! ANYTHSINS. WOT LIKE THE so Sy es SUDDENLY, STRIKING LIKE THE THREE FURIES OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY... a LATER. AT HOME, CLARK KENT, FINDING MOM KENT BETTER, TELLS ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCE ! BUT WHEN THE FISTS OF FURY RESORT TO DIRECT ATTACK. PRICELESS: Se; Ce ere iS Cs Va iS /'VE BEEN [34 M5EKED

BUT BETWEEN BLOWS...
WAIT.. THAT'S AN ARMY INFRA-RED MISSILE WITH AN EXPERIMENTAL HEAT-SEEKING GUIDANCE SYSTEM WHICH IS ATTRACTED TOWARD ANYTHING HOT--LIKE THE ENGINE OF AN ENEMY PLANE! NO ONE'S IN THE TRUCK, SO I'LL WARM UP THOSE CANS WITH MY HEAT VISION!
PEP POP CORN
PEP POP CORN
WHEW! MY STRATEGY WORKED! THE HEAT OF THE CANS PULLED THE MISSILE OFF ITS COURSE AT THE LAST MINUTE! GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T USE EXPLOSIVES IN IT! I'LL SEE THAT THE POPCORN COMPANY'S PAID FOR THE DAMAGES! NOW TO BRACE MYSELF FOR MORE BLOWS!
BLAM!
PRESENTLY, AT THE SMALLVILLE MUSEUM...
WITH YOUR X-RAY AND MICROSCOPIC VISION, CAN YOU "DATE" THIS SWORD?
HMM... THEIR STRUCTURE SHOWS THAT THIS SWORD
BUT TO SUPERBOY'S PLEASANT SURPRISE...
HEY! THOSE FLYING FISTS ARE BEATING IT... INSTEAD OF BEATING ME! BUT WHERE DID THOSE PUNCHING PAWS COME FROM IN THE FIRST PLACE!
SUDDENLY, STRIKING LIKE THE THREE FURIES OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY...
OH,

ANOTHER HIGH-POWERED HAYMAKER Ki PBOY INTO THE NEXT EXHIBIT HALL f BACK THI TIME A HUNDRED CENTURIES 2, SUPERBOY PAUSES TO MAKE SUPER - SPEED REPAIRS ON THE RELICS AND CLEAN UP THE PLACE] 10, WITH M1 ‘SUPER-BREATH / O DID YOU HEAR FLYING FISTS THAT KEEP ATTACKING SUPERBOY 74 TM SUNK 3GUCPs... IN ANOTHER MINUTE THE KIDS .) WILL SEE... fae = POWERFUL PAWS POUNDING AWAY AT ME! MY CLARK KENT CLOTHES COULON'T Take THAT PUNISHMENT. ANO WHEN EVERYONE SEES I'M UNHURT.. ne ; ——

ANOTHER HIGH-POWERED HAYMAKER KNOCKS SUPERBOY INTO THE NEXT EXHIBIT HALL!
POW!
WHOOO-EE... D-DID THAT BLOW KNOCK ME...UH... BACK THROUGH TIME A HUNDRED CENTURIES?
NO, SUPERBOY! THAT'S OUR CAVEMAN EXHIBIT, SHOWING THE EARLY USE OF FIRE! WE INSTALLED A REAL GAS FLAME!
HOLY SMOKE! I KNOCKED THAT GAS-JET LOOSE! IT'S STARTING A BIG FIRE!
ONCE MORE, MYSTERIOUSLY...
THERE THEY GO AGAIN! WHY? WELL, I'D BETTER BLOW OUT THE FLAMES, BEFORE THEY SPREAD, WITH MY SUPER-BREATH!
WHOOOSH!
SUPERBOY PAUSES TO MAKE SUPER-SPEED REPAIRS ON THE RELICS AND CLEAN UP THE PLACE!
'TEN...SHUN! THAT SETS ALL THESE TIN TUXEDOES UPRIGHT AGAIN!
THANKS, SUPERBOY. THESE WEAPONS ARE AS GOOD AS NEW!
WHEN WILL THOSE PULVERIZING PAWS PLAGUE ME AGAIN? OH-OH! NEARLY FORGOT! CLARK KENT IS DUE AT PETE ROSE' BARBECUE! I'LL CHANGE BEHIND THESE BUSHES...
SOON, IN PETE'S BACKYARD...
HI, CLARK! PETE'S HAVING TROUBLE STARTING THE CHARCOAL GRILL! BUT SAY! DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THOSE FLYING FISTS THAT KEEP ATTACKING SUPERBOY?
YES, POOR GUY! I'M GLAD THEY'RE NOT BOTHERING US!
AQUICK FIRE
HEAD CHEF
YEAH
HOT DOG
BURNT OFFERINGS
AREN'T THEY, CLARK? FOR THE NEXT MOMENT...
WHREEEE!
LOOK! THE THREE FIGHTING FISTS ARE HEADED THIS WAY! DOES THAT MEAN ONE OF THE BOYS HERE IS REALLY SUPERBOY?
I'M SUNK, (GULP!)... IN ANOTHER MINUTE THE KIDS WILL SEE...
— POWERFUL PAWS POUNDING AWAY AT ME! MY CLARK KENT CLOTHES COULDN'T TAKE THAT PUNISHMENT...AND WHEN EVERYONE SEES I'M UNHURT...
AHA! SO SUPERBOY IS CLARK KENT!

BUT MIRACULOUSLY, BEFORE CLARK'S VISION| |AT THE KENT HOME, NEXT MORNING ... cones 7 IVE SOLVED THE RIDDLE OF THE FLYING 4 MOM AND DAD! YOu SEE, THIS. WAS ALWAVS WITH ME. Ro NET. THES IN CLARK'S POCKET OR IN MY CAPE'S ¢ 1 E POUCH AND 24 HOURS ASO 1 COULON‘T SEE THAT SOME AED Kc "1ON, PusT HAD SETTLED ON Fi teate> Bort OF MY MAGNET! AND ITS EFFECT TASS as 1 SEO ARM Ti TIMES » BUT IN teyIC™ Manes FORMS, AND... "WHEN © EXPERIMENTED WITH A NEW SPECIMEN GP RED KRYPTONITE OAD FOND OUTSIDE OF TOWN) { “gylT WAS TH'S RED K CONTAMINATION ON MY I DIDw'y REALIZE MY MAGNET WAS NEARBY MAGNET THAT KEPT A: HOPE TO FIND AN ANTIDOTE FOR > POSING ONE ARM TO HURT ME? 1F THE RED DUST SETTLES ON ANYTHING , FLL DESTROY IT WITH MY HEAT x Mor Gl q FECT Bur

BUT MIRACULOUSLY, BEFORE CLARK'S VISION COMES TRUE...
THEY TURNED AND LEFT! I GUESS SUPERBOY ISN'T HERE AFTER ALL!
WHOOPIE! MY FIRE FINALLY BLAZED! GET SET FOR THE HOT DOGS!
AT THE KENT HOME, NEXT MORNING...
I'VE SOLVED THE RIDDLE OF THE FLYING FISTS, MOM AND DAD! YOU SEE, THIS MAGNET WAS ALWAYS WITH ME... EITHER IN CLARK'S POCKET OR IN MY CAPE'S POUCH! AND 24 HOURS AGO...
I COULDN'T SEE THAT SOME RED K DUST HAD SETTLED ON THE RED PORTION OF MY MAGNET! AND ITS EFFECT THIS TIME WAS TO DUPLICATE MY EXPOSED ARM THREE TIMES, BUT IN "EVIL" HUMAN FORMS, AND...
...WHEN I EXPERIMENTED WITH A NEW SPECIMEN OF RED KRYPTONITE DAD FOUND OUTSIDE OF TOWN, I DIDN'T REALIZE MY MAGNET WAS NEARBY!"
I HOPE TO FIND AN ANTIDOTE FOR RED K! I'M EXPOSING ONE ARM TO THE RAYS... BUT HOW CAN THAT HURT ME? IF THE RED DUST SETTLES ON ANYTHING, I'LL DESTROY IT WITH MY HEAT VISION!
* RED K ALWAYS HAS WEIRD, UNEXPECTED EFFECTS ON SUPERBOY. —— EDITOR...
"...IT WAS THIS RED K CONTAMINATION ON MY MAGNET THAT KEPT ATTRACTING THE THREE FIST FURIES TO MY HEAD AND BODY!"
I DIDN'T NOTICE THE USUAL TINGLING SENSATION FROM THE RED K'S RADIATIONS, BECAUSE I WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT YOUR ILLNESS, MOM! AS FOR WHAT DROVE THE FLYING FISTS AWAY, MY HOMEWORK GAVE THE CLUE...
When a magnet is HEATED, the agitated molecules MOVE out of their precise pattern and LOSE THEIR MAGNETISM!
SEE? THE HEATED CANS OF POPCORN AND THE MUSEUM FIRE BOTH TEMPORARILY CANCELLED OUT MY MAGNET'S PULLING FORCE!
SO AT THE BARBECUE, I KNOCKED OVER A CAN OF QUIK-FIRE FLUID AND MADE PETE'S CHARCOAL BLAZE UP! THAT GOT RID OF THE FISTS; THE EFFECT HAS WORN OFF NOW! BUT I SURE TOOK IT ON THE CHIN FROM THIS RED K SPECIMEN!
RED K SPECIMEN!
END
CAP'S HOBBY HINTS
HOW TO DO IT BETTER
WHY DID YOU BUY THAT CONTAC PAPER?
I'M GOING TO USE IT ON MY MODELS!
SURE! I GOT A WOOD-GRAIN FINISH. I CUT IT TO FIT MY MODEL STATION WAGON..
AND WHAM! IT STICKS BY ITSELF! THIS IS MUCH EASIER THAN GETTING THIN STRIPS OF WOOD AND GLUING THEM ON.

FAREWELL 10 THE SAINT “It’s all over,” says Roger Moore. ”| have finished playing The Saint.’ He has said it before, but now it seems that he has parted finally with his halo. If there are to be nc more Saintly adventures on TV, these Pictures will serve as a souvenir of the most successful series ever made by British television. The Saint has been screened in more than 80 countries abroad. But our guess is that episodes of The Saint will continue to be shown in repeats on the screen for many years to come. And that there may well be a cinema version. After all, Roger Moore was the 10th actor to play the Saint (although the only one on TV). You can t keep a hero down! ae cs 3 roche 20 21

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with \ ROBIN stm, | THE BOY WONDER rete

BAT-MAN
WITH ROBIN THE BOY WONDER
THE ROUND-ROBIN DEATH THREATS
THE SNITCHING ON OF A RADIO...
THE RING-ING OF A DOOR-BELL--THE DIALING OF A TELEPHONE!
COMMONPLACE ACTIONS THAT SEEM HARM-LESS ENOUGH, BUT PROVE TO BE MURDER METHODS OF A MYSTERIOUS MASTERMIND!
HERE IS A BAT-MAN THRILLER IN THE "GOOD OLD" TRADITION!
I'M TRYING TO STRETCH THIS FIGHT OUT--
DON'T WANT TO CAPTURE THESE CROOKS TOO QUICKLY!
BUT I'M BEING FORCED TO FIGHT FASTER--AND FASTER!
IT IS EARLY EVENING IN WAYNE MANSION WHEN ALFRED THE BUTLER APPROACHES BRUCE (BAT-MAN) WAYNE IN HIS STUDY...
A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR YOU, SIR.
IT JUST ARRIVED!
THANKS, ALFRED.
AS HE READS THE CONTENTS, BRUCE WAYNE'S FACE SEEMS HARD AS MARBLE...
INCREDIBLE!
SCARCELY HAS HE FINISHED THE LETTER THAN...
IT--BURST INTO FLAMES!
THOSE FLAMES RELEASED SOME GAS--
I COULDN'T HELP BREATHING IN!
WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED SUCH A THING, SIR?
A FORM OF--INSTANTANEOUS COMBUSTION? EVIDENTLY THE BODY HEAT OF MY FINGERS AS I HELD THE LETTER TRIGGERED A CHEMICAL REACTION OF THE FLUIDS WITH WHICH THE PAPER DOUSED!
ALFRED, I MUST TELL YOU THE LETTER'S CONTENTS--
I'VE GOT TO--TO CONVINCE MYSELF THIS WASN'T THE WORK OF A CRANK!
MUMBLE
MUMBLE
I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR?
I'M TRYING TO TELL ALFRED--BUT I CAN'T! THE LETTER COMMANDED ME NOT TO INDICATE ANY-ONE OF ITS CONTENTS--AND THE GAS IS MAKING ME DOZY!
AS HE DRESSES FOR HIS NIGHTLY PATROL, THOUGHTS RUN RIOT IN THE MIND OF THE CAPED CRUSADER...
THE LETTER DIRECTED ME TO BE AT COMMISSIONER GORDON'S HOUSE AT NINE O'CLOCK--AND TELL HIM TO TURN ON HIS SHORT-WAVE RADIO SET AT WAVEBAND 1207!
IT SEEMS LIKE A HARMLESS COMMAND--BUT I HAVE A STRONG FEELING SOMETHING TERRIBLE WILL HAPPEN IF I FOLLOW THIS THROUGH!

The text on this page is estimated to be only 34.25% accurate

AS INAL my! faa a me DSN /, YY ~~ iam id,

SHORTLY, THE POWERFUL BATMOBILE IS WHEELING ACROSS TOWN IN A DIRECTION OPPOSITE TO WHERE COMMISSIONER GORDON LIVES...
I WISH ROBIN WERE WITH ME. BUT HE HAD A BOOK REPORT TO WORK ON--AND HIS SCHOOLWORK MUST COME FIRST!
A GOOD EDUCATION IS ONE THING THAT NOT EVEN THE CLEVEREST CRIMINAL IN THE WORLD CAN STEAL FROM YOU!
NEVER HAVE HIS EYES BEEN SO KEEN, HIS SENSES SO READY TO DETECT CRIME...
I HAVE EVERY ELECTRONIC GADGET TURNED ON FULL POWER! I MUST FIND A CRIME--SOON!
FOR IF I'M BUSY FIGHTING CRIMINALS--MILES AWAY FROM GORDON'S HOUSE--I WON'T BE ABLE TO FULFILL MY MISSION!
AH! MY IMPROVED SOUND AMPLIFIER IS PICKING UP THE THUMP OF HUMAN HEARTBEATS--IN THAT DARK BUILDING!
HEARTBEATS THAT I'VE SCARED AS TELLTALE SIGNS OF CRIMINAL ACTIVITY!
BEEP BEEP
MOMENTS AFTERWARD...
I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE CROOKS IN ALL MY LIFE!
THE FEELING AIN'T MUTUAL, BATMAN!
YOU'RE JUST THE MEDICINE I NEEDED TO CURE MY TROUBLES!
IF BULLETS ARE PART OF YOUR PRESCRIPTION, WE'LL ACCOMODATE YOU!
PULLED THAT PUNCH A BIT SO I COULD "CHARGE" HIM A FEW MORE ROUNDS!
I'VE GOT TO STRETCH THIS FIGHT OUT--
DON'T WANT TO CAPTURE THEM TOO QUICKLY!

THEN--aS HE TURNS) | HIS HEAD TO AVOID A BLOW... WitHin, MOMENTS, Mose |S FLEEING LIKE A DSERBODIED CAUSE OF THE CRASHING INTERRUPTION IS REVEALED... T LET US 60 Back AN HOUR TO THE MA MIXTURE OF SHELLAC AND

I'LL THROW IN A LITTLE WRESTLING HERE--
THAT'LL EAT UP TIME!
THEN--AS HE TURNS HIS HEAD TO AVOID A BLOW...
QUARTER TO NINE!
GOOD--THERE'S HARDLY ENOUGH TIME TO GET OVER TO GORDON'S--
EVEN IF I WANTED TO!
SUDDENLY, A CHANGE COMES OVER THE MASKED MAN-HUNTER!
FROM A CASUAL CRIME-FIGHTER HE EQUETTS INTO A FRANTIC FOE OF FELONS...
I'M FIGHTING--FASTER--AND FASTER--
--AS IF I WERE IN A RACE AGAINST TIME!
AS HE KAYOS THE LAST OF THE CROOKS, HIS KEEN EARS DETECT THE WAILING SIREN OF AN APPROACHING POLICE PROWL CAR...
I'LL TELL THOSE POLICE CHIEFERS TO BOOK THESE PRISONERS FOR ME!
I'VE GOT A MORE PRESSING PROBLEM TO TAKE CARE OF--!
AND WHEN THE TOWN HALL CLOCK TOWER STARTS SOUNDING THE HOUR OF NINE...
COMMISSIONER--; pant!; pant!
BUT, BATMAN--THAT WAVE-LENGTH IS NEVER USED--
TURN ON YOUR SHORT-WAVE RADIO TO WAVE-LENGTH 1207!
QUICKLY!
OH, ALL RIGHT!
BONGGG
WITHIN MOMENTS, THE BAT-MOBILE IS FLEEING LIKE A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT THROUGH THE STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY...
I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT...
I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT...
BUT AS POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON STRETCHES OUT HIS HAND TO TURN THE DIAL...
KAARASH!
WHO--?
BUT BEFORE THE CAUSE OF THE CRASHING INTERRUPTION IS REVEALED...
LET US GO BACK AN HOUR TO THE WAYNE MANSION WHERE...
GHUCKS!
IF I'D KNOWN I WAS GOING TO GET THAT BOOK REPORT DONE SO SOON, I'D HAVE ASKED BATMAN TO WAIT FOR ME...
SO I COULD GO OUT ON PATROL WITH HIM...
I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB YOU, MASTER DICK--/--BUT THERE'S SOME-THING I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT!
AFTER ALFRED HAS EXPLAINED ABOUT THE BURNING LETTER...
ALFRED, I THINK WE CAN LEARN WHAT WAS IN THIS!
I'LL NEED TWO GLASS PLATES AND AN ATOMIZER WITH SOME #FIXATIVE# IN IT!
I'LL FETCH THEM AT ONCE, MASTER DICK!
A MIXTURE OF SHELLAC AND ALCOHOL.
THE FIXATIVE MOISTENS THE CHARRED PAPER SO IT WON'T CRACK WHEN I PUT A GLASS PLATE ON TOP OF IT--
CAREFULLY..
SO THAT THERE ARE NO AIR BUBBLES!

IT.CAUSEO A =| EAL conceaceo VF MECRANISM TO

NOW WHEN I SLIP THIS INTO A PRINTING FRAME IN THE BATCAVE--
AND PHOTOGRAPH IT ON AN ORTHOCHROMATIC PLATE AND PRINT IT ON COMPRESSION PAPER--
I'LL HAVE AN EXACT COPY OF THE LETTER!
THEN WHEN THE COMPRESSION PAPER COPY IS READ...
INCREDIBLE!
THE VERY WORD MR. WAYNE USED WHEN HE READ THE LETTER!
ALFRED, I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!
IT'S INTO MY ROBIN COSTUME AND--OFF TO SEE COMMISSIONER GORDON!
YOU DON'T HAVE A SECOND TO SPARE, MASTER DICK!
SCARCELY HAS THE TOWN CLOCK BEGUN ITS BONGING THAN, JUST OUTSIDE THE GORDON HOME...
THE BAT-COPTER'S ON AUTOMATIC CONTROLS! IT'LL HOVER IN THE AIR UNTIL I NEED IT AGAIN!
BONNGG
NEXT MOMENT...
KARAASH!!
MY WORD--!
SORRY ABOUT THIS, COMMISSIONER--
BUT IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD--
I THINK!
ROBIN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M WORKING ON A HUNCH--
THAT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT RADIO THAT SPELLS DANGER!
WATCH OUT--
AS I WHIP MY BATARANG INTO THE RADIO!
AFTER THE TEEN-AGE THUNDERBOLT EXPLAINS (TAKING CARE TO SAFEGUARD THE SECRET IDENTITIES OF HIMSELF AND BATMAN)...
OF COURSE, I WASN'T SURE ABOUT THE RADIO BUT I'VE DEVELOPED A SORT OF SIXTH SENSE ABOUT SUCH THINGS AND--BATMAN! LOOK AT COMMISSIONER GORDON'S EYES!
HE SEEMS TO BE IN SOME SORT OF TRANCE!
IS IT POSSIBLE HE GOT ONE OF THOSE BURNING LETTERS TOO--
THAT HE'S UNDER A COMPULSION TO CAUSE THE DEATH OF SOMEONE--JUST AS BRUCE WAYNE WAS?
WHEN YOUR BATARANG HIT THE DIAL THE COMMISSIONER WAS ABOUT TO TURN--
IT CAUSED A CONCEALED MECHANISM TO RELEASE A DART!
:SNIFF! THE TIP HAS BEEN COATED WITH A SPECIAL CHEMICAL I RECOGNIZE!
IF IT HAD STRUCK YOU, COMMISSIONER--YOU'D HAVE BEEN DEAD WITHIN AN HOUR!
GREAT SCOTT! ROBIN--I OWE YOU MY LIFE!
BUT--BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?

THE POLICE COMNISSICNER'S TRAL LEADS 12 THE HALLWAY fous > THE NUMBERS. DIALED {THEN As He INSERTS WIS FINGER TO DAL THE FINAL NUMBER. > —

WITH EVERY SENSE ALERT, THE ORPHANIC ALLY WATCHES AS THE COMMISSIONER ABRUPTLY STRIDES OUT OF THE ROOM...
THERE HE GOES! I KNOW YOU'RE UNABLE TO TALK ABOUT IT, BUT LIKE YOU--HE'S TAKING OFF ON SOME MYSTERIOUS MURDER MISSION!
WE'LL FOLLOW HIM, ALFRED--AT A LITTLE DISTANCE!
PERHAPS WE'LL GET THE CHANCE TO SAVE ANOTHER LIFE THIS NIGHT!
THE POLICE COMMISSICNER'S TRAIL LEADS TO THE HALLWAY OF A SHABBY TENEMENT HOUSE...
HE'S RINGING A DOORBELL!
SEEMS HARMLESS ENOUGH--!
HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? JUST BECAUSE I DIDN'T ANSWER MY DOORBELL FAST ENOUGH IS NO REASON TO--
BATMAN!!
IT'S JUST MY WAY OF SAVING YOUR LIFE!
HAD YOU TOUCHED THE DOORKNOB--
YOU'D HAVE SIGNED YOUR DEATH WARRANT!
BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL ME? I NEVER HARMED A SOUL, AS SURE AS MY NAME IS JOHN KOBLER!
JOHN KOBLER? THAT NAME RINGS A BELL IN MY MEMORY...
I HEARD A COMMOTION HERE--I DECIDED TO RETURN--
AS KOBLER MAKES HIS CALL, BATMAN AND ROBIN MEMORIZE THE NUMBERS DIALED {THEN AS HE INSERTS HIS FINGER TO DIAL THE FINAL NUMBER...
THERE! I'VE PREVENTED THE CALL FROM BEING COMPLETED! THE PHONE WON'T RING AT THE OTHER END!
IT SHOULDN'T TAKE US LONG TO LEARN WHAT NUMBER HE WAS DIALING!
AS THE CLOAKED CRUSADER EXAMINES THE DOORKNOB...
JUST AS I SUSPECTED! MINUTE ELECTRODES EMBEDDED IN THE METAL OF THIS SPECIALLY MADE DOORKNOB!
TELL ME, SIR--WERE YOU INSTRUCTED BY A "BURNING LETTER" NOT TO TOUCH THE KNOB UNTIL THE DOORBELL RANG AT TEN O'CLOCK?
MUMBLE! MUMBLE!
HE CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT ANYMORE THAN YOU CAN, BATMAN!
HE'S HEAVY! HE'S TURNING AWAY! WITHOUT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER!
APPARENTLY HE'S COMPLETED HIS ASSIGNMENT! THAT MEANS--
--WHOEVER'S IN THAT APARTMENT AND ANSWERS THE DOORBELL MAY BE TAGGED TO DIE!
I BETTER OPEN THE DOOR FIRST...
TRIVIAL LITTLE TASKS--LIKE TURNING ON A RADIO AT A PREARRANGED TIME, OR RINGING A DOORBELL--
AT WHICH NOT EVEN THE MOST SUSPICIOUS OF MEN WOULD OBJECT--HAVE BEEN USED BY SOME MASTER KILLER TO DEAL OUT--DEATH!
KRRRACK!
KOBLER WAS THAT SAME DAZED LOOK IN HIS EYES THAT YOU DID, COMMISSIONER--
WHEN YOU SET OUT TO RING THAT DOORBELL!
HE'S STARTING TO DIAL A TELEPHONE NUMBER!
IT COULD BE THE NEXT MOVE IN THIS SERIES OF PLANNED MURDERS--
A PHONE CALL TO THE TELEPHONE COMPANY BRINGS A QUICK REPLY...
THE NUMBER KOBLER WAS DIALING BELONGS TO FRED TINNEY!
THE FAMOUS SPORTS WRITER! BUT WHAT IN THE WORLD DO COMMISSIONER GORDON--JOHN KOBLER--AND FRED TINNEY HAVE IN COMMON?

WHEN THEY LEAVE THE TENEMENT HOUSE...
YOU AND KOBLER ARE SAFE, COMMISSIONER! NOW ROBIN AND I HAVE TO MAKE CERTAIN OF FRED TINNEY!
IF HE'S OBLIGED TO DO SOMETHING TO DOOM ANOTHER PERSON--WE BETTER BE THERE TO STOP HIM!
I'M GLAD THIS CASE IS IN GOOD HANDS. NOW! CARRY ON, BATMAN AND ROBIN!
HERE'S THE WAY THIS ADDS UP, BATMAN--
A BEHIND-THE-SCENES KILLER IS SENDING HIS VICTIMS SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO PERFORM SOME SIMPLE TASK--
LIKE TURNING ON A RADIO OR DIALING A TELEPHONE NUMBER--WHICH WILL LEAD TO THE DEATHS OF CERTAIN OTHER PEOPLE!
IT'S A--EXCUSE THE EXPRESSION--ROUND-ROBIN MURDER PLOT THAT WE MUST STOP!
10:15 P.M.--IN THE PLUSH PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OF SPORTS WRITER, FRED TINNEY...
BATMAN AND ROBIN!
COME IN, COME IN!
FRED, HERE YOU INSTRUCTED TO ANSWER YOUR TELEPHONE AT EXACTLY TEN O'CLOCK SHARP TONIGHT--
AND NOT BEFORE?
!MUMBLE! !MUMBLE!
NEVER MIND! YOU'VE GIVEN US YOUR ANSWER!
IT'S YES!
UH-OH! HE'S GOT THAT ENTRANCED LOOK IN HIS EYES!
WHEN HE TAKES OFF AFTER THE NEXT VICTIM--SO DO WE!
OUT INTO THE NIGHT STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY GOES THE SPORTS WRITER...
HE'S WALKING VERY, VERY SLOWLY! NOW THAT HE REALIZES HE MAY BE GOING TO CAUSE SOMEBODY'S DEATH--
HE MUST BE TRYING TO FIGHT OFF THE ORDERS HE GOT--JUST AS I TRIED TO DO.
7
MOMENTS AFTERWARD, AS THE PHONE IS WRAPPED IN A TOWEL AND HELD IN A WATER-FILLED BATHTUB...
HAD YOU ANSWERED THAT TEN O'CLOCK CALL--
AN INTENSE SOUND-WAVE WOULD HAVE HIT YOU--CAUSED YOU TO DIE INSTANTLY--
--UNLESS YOU TOO HAVE BEEN TASED TO CARRY ON THE ROUND-ROBIN KILLINGS!
HE SUDDENLY TURNED INTO THAT JEWELRY STORE!
HE MUST KNOW THAT WE'RE FOLLOWING HIM...
WHAT'S HE UP TO?
HE WANTS US TO ARREST HIM--PUT HIM IN A JAIL CELL WHERE HE CAN'T HARM ANYONE!
AS THE SPORTS WRITER DARTS INTO THE JEWELRY SALON...
THE DOOR WAS UNLOCKED!
WHAT A BREAK!
AND--OHHH!
CROOKS HERE--ROBBING!
GET THAT GUY!

GOT HIM!
A HARD VOICE SNARLS AS...
NOW YOU'VE GOT US TO FIGHT!
TINNEY'S IN NO CONDITION TO GO ANYWHERE!
BRACE YOURSELF FOR "SHOULDER MANOEUVRE! ROBIN!
WE CAN POLISH OFF THESE HOODS--AND STILL FOLLOW HIM!
"SHOULDER MANOEUVRE" PROCEEDING ON COURSE!
SO'S MY FIST!
THAT JUST ABOUT SETS UP THESE TWO--
AS THE LAST THUG DROPS...
BATMAN! TINNEY'S GONE! HE MUST HAVE COME TO--AND GONE ON ABOUT HIS MISSION OF DEATH!
COME ON--MAYBE WE CAN STILL FIND HIM!
LANDING CAT-LIKE ON HIS FEET, THE GOTHAM GANGBUSTER IS IN EXACT POSITION FOR THE FINISHING BLOWS...
TO GO DOWN--
KRAK!
...AND OUT!
THUD!
AFTER SPENDING THE REST OF THE NIGHT SEARCHING IN VAIN FOR THE SPORTS WRITER, BATMAN AND ROBIN RETURN TO THE BATCAVE...
LET'S HOPE THE POLICE'S ALL POINTS BULLETIN ON TINNEY BRINGS RESULTS!
YOU BETTER GRAB SOME SLEEP, ROBIN--
WHILE I TAKE CARE OF A FEW THINGS IN THE BATCAVE!
IF ONLY I COULD TELL ROBIN THAT I'VE FIGURED OUT WHO THE NEXT ROUND-ROBIN VICTIM WILL BE--
ME--BRUCE WAYNE--WHO BEGAN THIS MURDER-GO-ROUND!
FROM THIS MOMENT ON MY LIFE IS IN DEADLY DANGER! A SIMPLE THING LIKE ANSWERING A TELEPHONE--A DOORBELL--COULD DOOM ME!
SOMEHOW, DESPITE THE RESTRAINT PUT ON ME, I MUST ALERT ROBIN--
SO IN CASE THE WORST HAPPENS TO ME--HE CAN CARRY ON AND BRING THE REAL CULPRIT TO JUSTICE!

THE * * > NIGHT WATCHMAN...” 13 cs Ge CUT SOAS NER, SEO TANGY AND BRUCE rz oy < = WAYNE -- WERE RETURNING FROM A THAT SEVEN YEARS re WILL ROBIN UNDER‘STANO WHY I'VE ba

ROBIN MUST FIND OUT--FROM WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO--
THAT SEVEN YEARS AGO THERE WAS A SCIENTIST-TURNED-CRIMINAL--"DOC HASTINGS"--
WHO USED HIS SCIENTIFIC SKILLS TO ROB IN GOTHAM CITY...

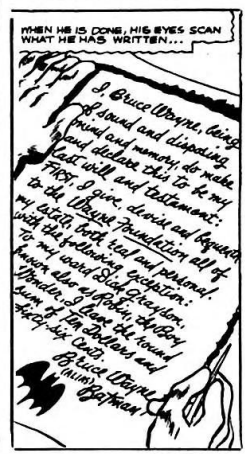
"ONE NIGHT AT THE GOTHAM LABORATORIES, HASTINGS OVERCAME THE NIGHT WATCHMAN..."

"BY THE TIME HASTINGS HAD ACCUMULATED HIS LOOT AND WAS RACING OUT OF THE LAB, THE WATCHMAN CAME TO AND..."
GOT TO SOUND THE ALARM...
STOP THAT CROOK...

"AS THAT WHISTLE-BLAST RANG OUT--COMMISSIONER GORDON, SPORTS WRITER FRED TINNEY AND I--BRUCE WAYNE--WERE RETURNING FROM A GOTHAM GARDEN SPORTS SHOW..."
TWEEET
THAT'S A POLICE WHISTLE!
THAT MAN HOTFOOTING IT TOWARD US--MUST BE A THIEF!
THE THREE OF US CAN STOP HIM!

BECAUSE WE WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR CAPTURING HIM, HASTINGS SWORE VENGEANCE ON ALL FOUR OF US--
THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, JOHN KOBLER, GORDON, TINNEY, AND MYSELF...

FOR SEVERAL AGONIZED MOMENTS, BATMAN SCRATCHES A PEN ACROSS PAPER...HIS HAND SHAKING WITH EFFORT... SWEAT BEADING HIS FORHEAD, STAINING HIS MASK...
WILL ROBIN UNDERSTAND WHY I'VE WRITTEN THIS WILL I?

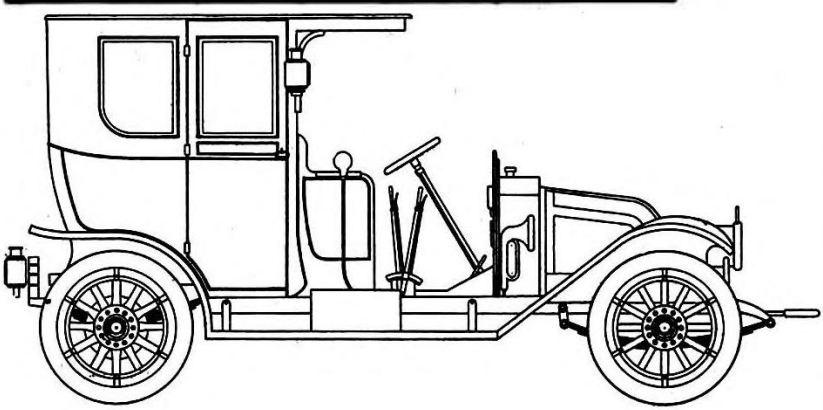

WHEN HE IS DONE, HIS EYES SCAN WHAT HE HAS WRITTEN...
I, Bruce Wayne, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make this to be my last will and testament:
FIRST I give, devise and bequeath to the Wayne Foundation all of my estate, both real and personal.
To my ward Dick Grayson, with the following exception:
To my trusty butler, Alfred, known also as Pennyworth, I bequeath the sum of Ten Dollars and that's his Dead.
By Bruce Wayne
(ALIAS) Batman

NOW--IF I FAIL TO PREVENT MY MURDER--ROBIN HAS ENOUGH TO GO ON AND FIND MY KILLER--IF HE CAN READ BETWEEN THESE LINES!
CAN YOU SOLVE THE CLUE LEFT BY BATMAN FOR ROBIN? YOU HAVE UNTIL NEXT ISSUE TO DO SO, WHEN THE CASE OF THE ROUND-ROBIN DEATHS COMES TO AN EERIE CLIMAX!

meet all your favourites
every month in
SUPER DC

2 Haltron transistor radios (complete with carry cases) WI N O N F 2 Action Man action pilots 2 Bonanza movable man models 0 F T ia F S F (of Ben and Little Joe) 24 consolation prizes of Airfix T F R R i FI Cc scale construction kits This Super DC competition is free PR [7 E S | to enter. All you have to do is colour the veteran French 1907 Renault limousine printed below. Holborn, London, WC 1. It must award the prizes, taking competitors' HOW TO reach us within 30 days of ages into consideration. We reserve the ENTER publication. The prizes to be et p seo a prize of equal value won are listed above. in forseen circumstances cause Just take your paints or crayons and colour the car in any colour inners announced scheme you like. Fill in your RULES OF m Dates a echion is final idee name, address and age (which correspondence can be entered into. will be taken into consideration), THE CONTEST cut out the coupon and post it to ene eaves no the sta Super DC. | Entries arriving after the date given ing. The competition is ca te The address is: Super DC, above will not be considered. A readers in the United lom and oevenncnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnanensnsnsnennecen wrnrtereennrnnnnenneneeneetnnnenty ADDRESS... We eee mnennne wenn nnn e ween meen n enon ees en eee eee nen] RET ees SORE eM ornate |

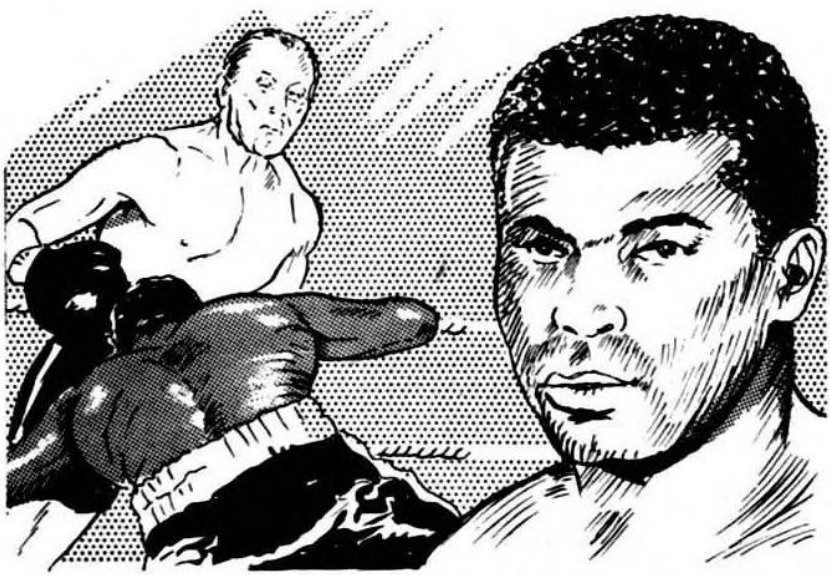
WIN ONE OF THESE TERRIFIC PRIZES!



NAME..... AGE.....

GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORT OUR HENRY v. CASSIUS F
ever a crowd could have willed a man to win, that man was Henry Cooper at Arsenal Stadium in May, 1966. He had fought Cassius Clay (not yet known as Muhammad Ali) once before, three years earlier at Wembley. And on that occasion Henry had produced a left hook in the fourth round which had dumped Clay inelegantly on the canvas. He was still there when the bell for the end of the round interrupted the referee's count. k Half a minute earlier and Henry's hammer might have the course of boxing history. For it is his proud boast that once he catches an opponent he seldom lets him get off the hook. And Clay at that time was still fighting and arguing his way towards the world heavyweight championship. But by the start of the fifth round he had recovered, and before the round was out the fight had been stopped because of an ugly cut over Henry's eye. The crowd at Highbury in 1966 hoped to see Henry's hammer in action again. For the last Briton to win the title was Bob Fitzsimmons in 1897. The battle started well enough for Henry. In round two Clay began moving fast for a kill but Henry gave as good as Japanese athlete Kitei Son won a 1936 marathon race wearing special shoes with How they weighed in HENRY COOPER Chest (no: * Chest (expanded) . Neck ... Waist . Biceps Wrist . Calf .. Forearm . Age .3 He Weight Height Reach .. Chest (normal) . Chest (expanded) . Neck . Waist . Biceps Wrist . Calf .. Forearm. Ankle... he got. Round three though went to Clay, too fast and elusive tor the British champion. by round four Clay by indisputably the master. Henry was fighting a will o' the wisp. It ended one minute and 40 seconds into the sixth round. Again it was a cut over his left eye that was responsible. A cut that appeared to have been caused by Clay's head rather than his fist. A cut that required eight stitches, Once again 'Enery's eyebrow had let him down. The world title passed out of his reach. But Henry was still to set an incredible record—10 years as undisputed champion of Britain. During those 10 years he has fought some great fights and also given some feeble displays. There have been times when the Press have told him, "It's time to retire, Henry." Only to have to eat their words after his next fight. For 10 years he has remained Britain's best and always a sportsman and a gentleman. His OBE in the New Year's Honours List delighted the nation. So did his successful defence of his European title in Italy. Pete Rademacher made his professional

boxing debut in 1957 in a fight for the separate compartments for his big toes. An ice hockey match between Detroit Red Wings and Montreal Maroons went into six periods of extra time and lasted nearly four hours in 1936 before Red SPORTFACTS Standard number of spokes in bicycle wheels: 32 in the front and 40 in the rear wheel. (If your bike is short of any, have them replaced!) At Edinburgh in 1927, Bruce Sutherland played golf virtually non-stop for six days and five nights, completing 14 rounds and covering 40 miles. world heavyweight championship; he lost to Floyd Patterson in six rounds. When a water-skier draws a finger across his throat it is a signal to the driver to “cut motor.” Oldest Olympic sport is wrestling, which was known to the Egyptians 3,000 years before Christ.



How they weighed in

HENRY COOPER

Age	*32*
Weight	*13st. 4lb.*
Height	*6ft. 1½in.*
Reach	*75in.*
Chest (normal)	*42in.*
Chest (expanded)	*44in.*
Neck	*17½in.*
Waist	*34in.*
Biceps	*15in.*
Wrist	*8in.*
Calf	*16in.*
Forearm	*12in.*
Ankle	*10in.*

CASSIUS CLAY

Age	*24*
Weight	*14st. 5½lb.*
Height	*6ft. 3in.*
Reach	*79in.*
Chest (normal)	*42½in.*
Chest (expanded)	*44½in.*
Neck	*17½in.*
Waist	*34in.*
Biceps	*15in.*
Wrist	*9in.*
Calf	*17in.*
Forearm	*12½in.*
Ankle	*9½in.*

Japanese athlete Kitei Son won a 1936 marathon race wearing special shoes with separate compartments for his big toes.

An ice hockey match between Detroit Red Wings and Montreal Maroons went into six periods of extra time and lasted nearly four hours in 1936 before Red Wings scored.

Frenchman George Adam rowed the English Channel both ways in 1952—at the age of 71.

SPORTFACTS

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MORE THINGS. Sau" WEL, THs ni fem. | : ye Past AND ROBIN HOOD MIS OF STEEL WHEN LOIS TRIES TO FATE, fa) SE, a ee 4 SWEETHEART 4 BUT AS LOIS IMPULSIVELY REMOVES A FEW ARROWS = TI-1 SCRA Gi

SUPERMAN'S GIRL FRIEND LOIS LANE

THERE IS AN ANCIENT SAYING..." THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THEY REMAIN THE SAME!" WELL, THIS PROVERB IS ESPECIALLY TRUE OF LOIS LANE, STAR REPORTER FOR THE DAILY PLANET! FOR EVEN WHEN LOIS IS AMAZINGLY WHISKED INTO THE PAST BY A TRICK OF FATE, MERRIE OLDE ENGLAND MAY AS WELL BE METROPOLIS, AND ROBIN HOOD MIGHT BE THE MAN OF STEEL WHEN LOIS TRIES TO BECOME THE...

SWEETHEART of ROBIN HOOD!

GOSH, ROBIN HOOD IS RESCUING ME FROM THE WICKED SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM, JUST AS SUPERMAN USED TO SAVE MY LIFE SO MANY TIMES IN THE 20TH CENTURY! I GUESS ROBIN HOOD IS A KIND OF SUPERMAN OF SHERWOOD FOREST!

A HALL OF FAME CLASSIC

AS REPORTERS LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT ARRIVE AT SHERWOOD CASTLE, ENGLAND...

I'M GLAD THE DAILY PLANET ASSIGNED US TO COVER THE OPENING OF THIS ROBIN HOOD MUSEUM, CLARK! AFTER ALL, ROBIN HOOD WAS A SORT OF SUPERMAN OF HIS DAY!

ER... I SUPPOSE SO, LOIS!

OPENING DAY

SHERWOOD FOREST ← HOME OF ROBIN HOOD

ROBIN HOOD

SHORTLY, INSIDE THE CASTLE...

LOOK, CLARK! STATUES OF ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY MEN! THEY'RE ALL HERE! LITTLE JOHN, FRIAR TUCK, WILL SCARLET, ALAN-A-DALE...

HMMM... I'LL TAKE PICTURES OF THEM...

AS THE PAIR TOURS THE MUSEUM...

ROBIN HOOD RELICS

ROBIN HOOD

MAID MARIAN

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM

WIZARD OF SHERWOOD FOREST

ACCORDING TO THIS GUIDE BOOK, THESE ROBIN HOOD RELICS HAVE BEEN PRESERVED THROUGH THE CENTURIES! THESE PORTRAITS OF THE MAIN PERSONAGES IN ROBIN HOOD'S LIFE WERE PAINTED FROM DESCRIPTIONS OF THEM IN ANCIENT RECORDS!

GREEN SHAFTS GIVEN TO ROBIN HOOD BY THE WIZARD OF SHERWOOD FOREST, ACCORDING TO LEGEND. THESE GREEN ARROWS AFFECTED THE FAMED ARCHER IN STRANGE WAYS

THIS QUIVER OF GREEN ARROWS WAS GIVEN TO ROBIN HOOD BY THE WIZARD OF SHERWOOD FOREST! THE ARROWS WERE SAID TO HAVE HAD A MYSTERIOUS EFFECT ON HIM! I'LL HOLD THEM UP WHILE YOU PHOTOGRAPH THEM, CLARK!

OKAY, LOIS!

BUT AS LOIS IMPULSIVELY REMOVES A FEW ARROWS FROM THE QUIVER...

OUCH! I-I SCRATCHED MY FINGER ON THE SHARP TIPS!

BUT NO MATTER! I'LL SURVIVE! I FIGURE WE OUGHT TO PLAY UP THE MAGIC GREEN ARROWS IN OUR ARTICLE! HMMM—I DON'T THINK THEY HAD ANY PECULIAR EFFECT ON ROBIN HOOD! THEY DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO ME! HA!... HOW'S THIS POSE?

FINE!

CLICK!

BUT MOMENTS AFTER, AS LOIS REHANGS THE QUIVER...

CLARK! H-HELP! I FEEL DIZZY! THE ROOM IS SUDDENLY WHIRLING AROUND ME! I... OHHH...

GREAT GUNS! LOIS IS FAINTING!

AS LOIS COLLAPSES, SWE HEARS CLARK FRANTIC-| (O05 BOOKINS:: GASAL... A LASS APPEARS a ‘So SOTHOU COMEST FROM A FARAWAY WORLD IM THE FUTURE F FAITH, GIRL, IF I BELIEVED IN SORCERY, I TOO, WOULD rm THEE A WITCH! = A TWAT REO-HEADED MSY... KISSINS BUT I SEE ONLY A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS WHO MUST ROBIN HOOD LIKE SHE OWNED Hit! BE HIDDEN FROM THE SHERIFF'S HENCHMEN! Jag SHORTLY. UK J £ \ [Pes BZ: ‘5 SUPERMAN? I KNOW NOT THIS fecign ut comewini mer! Witt fake THEE TO A SAP ges €...FOR TAM Fon ssa) sie wort GADZOOKS! 1'0) powiT 1'M AS ATTRACTIVE AS SAY THOU OOST] SuE 1S! IT'S AS IF SHE'S SUSPICTOUS I MIGHT BECOME HER,) RIVAL FOR ROBIN HOCO'S WEART! 5 TO MY. IOENTITY! NO ONE SUSPECTS “SELF* IS PETER, 4 Lowes Y LS CWMMEY- SWEEP AND MAN- 2 PIG NEED: OF-ALL - WORK { NEEOS SWEEPING, ANO

AS LOIS COLLAPSES, SHE HEARS CLARK FRANTICALLY CALLING TO HER! BUT A FANTASTIC FORCE PROJECTS HER INTO A MURKY VOID...
LOIS! ANSWER ME! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
I-I'M FLOATING THROUGH SPACE! I'M GOING SOMEWHERE...BUT I SEE NOTHING BUT A HAZE!
SUDDENLY, AS A STRANGE HAMMERING NOISE GROWS LOUDER...
WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE BY THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM
5 BAGS OF GOLD REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO HIS CAPTURE OR DEATH!
WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE
SOMEHOW I'VE BEEN TRANSPORTED TO A FOREST! AND THOSE MEN LOOK LIKE BOWMEN FROM ROBIN HOOD'S TIME!
ODS BODKINS! GASP!... A LASS APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE! BEHOLD HER STRANGE ATTIRE! S-SHE MUST BE A WITCH! I'LL SLAY HER BEFORE SHE CASTS AN EVIL SPELL OVER US!
THEN...
GASP! ROBIN HOOD! Y-YOU SAVED MY LIFE... JUST AS SUPERMAN DOES, MORE TIMES THAN I CAN COUNT!

FORGIVE MME,MISTRESS! I KNOW I AM A LAZY LOUT 8Y NATURE, BUT I WILL GO SWIFTLY TO WORK! FIRST TWILL ROAST THE PIG ON THE SPIT’ THEN I WILL PLAY THE LUTE WHILE THE NEW BARMAIO DANCES!) WHAT MAGIC \ THE MAGIC POWER OF THESE GREEN 751 ROBIN HOOD, TWE FOOL, TRUSTS ME! HE THINKS T/A HIS FRIEND! AYE, SHERIFF! I AM THE WORLD'S GREATEST SORCERER HIM? THEREFORE, WHEN HE ICAN MAKE LOVE POTIONS TO CAUSE PEOPLE TO FALL IN LOVE, FORMULAS TO TURN LEAD INTO GOLO, AND WON'T SUSPECT THEY WiLL MAKE OLD MEN YOUNG! DOOM Him! THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE INN... LAM THE WIZARD OF SHERWOOD FOREST, ONE OF ROBIN HOOD’'S FRIENDS! ROBIN OFT VISITS THIS INN! WHEN THOU SEEST HIM NEXT, WILT THOU GIVE HIM THESE ARROWSE LOOK AT THAT SCOUNDREL, PETER! THE COWARD’ ALWAYS SNEAKS OFF WHENEVER THE SHERIFF. TERRORIZES THE TOWN, < HMM... HE SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF! I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND FOR RUNNING AWAY INSTEAD OF DEFYING THE THIEVES! i HOOD USES 4 SECRET / 7X 00 n 008! UKE Wer

FORGIVE ME, MISTRESS! I KNOW I AM A LAZY LOUT BY NATURE, BUT I WILL GO SWIFTLY TO WORK! FIRST I WILL ROAST TWE PIG ON THE SPIT! THEN I WILL PLAY THE LUTE WHILE THE NEW BARMAID DANCES!
ME DANCE? I-I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING BUT CHA-CHA!
NEVERTHELESS, LATER
FORSOOTH, LASS! THOU DANCETH VERY WELL!
THAT'S MY LUCK! ROBIN HOOD DOESN'T NOTICE ME AT ALL, WHILE THIS DIRTY-FACED CHIMNEY-SWEEP CAN'T PRAISE ME ENOUGH!
MEANWHILE, AT THE CASTLE OF THE WIZARD OF SHERWOOD FOREST...
AYE, SHERIFF! I AM THE WORLD'S GREATEST SORCERER! I CAN MAKE LOVE POTIONS TO CAUSE PEOPLE TO FALL IN LOVE, FORMULAS TO TURN LEAD INTO GOLD, AND MAKE OLD MEN YOUNG!
BUT YOU PROMISED TO DESTROY ROBIN HOOD!
WHAT MAGIC POWER WILL YOU USE TO GET RID OF HIM?
THE MAGIC POWER OF THESE GREEN ARROWS! ROBIN HOOD, THE FOOL, TRUSTS ME! HE THINKS I'M HIS FRIEND! THEREFORE, WHEN HE ACCEPTS THESE ARROWS AS A GIFT, HE WON'T SUSPECT THEY WILL DOOM HIM!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE INN...
I AM THE WIZARD OF SHERWOOD FOREST, ONE OF ROBIN HOOD'S FRIENDS! ROBIN OFT VISITS THIS INN! WHEN THOU SEEST HIM NEXT, WILT THOU GIVE HIM THESE ARROWS?
ER...SURE!... I MEAN AYE!
THEN, AS THE WIZARD LEAVES...
HMM... I WONDER IF THESE GREEN ARROWS WILL HAVE A BAD EFFECT ON ROBIN HOOD, JUST AS GREEN KRYPTONITE HAS A DEADLY EFFECT ON SUPERMAN?
BUT WHAT AM I THINKING OF? THERE CAN'T BE ANY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN KRYPTONITE AND THESE GREEN-PAINTED ARROWS, ANY MORE THAN ROBIN HOOD COULD BE SUPERMAN! I'LL GIVE THEM TO ROBIN WHEN I NEXT SEE HIM!
THAT AFTERNOON...
THE KING... BAH! 'TIS THE GREEDY SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM WHO KEEPS THE GOLD FOR HIMSELF!
SEIZE EVERY PURSE YE SEE, MEN! THE KING NEEDS MORE TRIBUTE!
EXCUSE ME! I...ER...HAVE SOME CHORES TO DO!
LOOK AT THAT SCOUNDREL, PETER! THE COWARD ALWAYS SNEAKS OFF WHENEVER THE SHERIFF TERRORIZES THE TOWN!
HMM... HE SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF! I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND FOR RUNNING AWAY INSTEAD OF DEFYING THE THIEVES!
BUT WHEN LOIS TRAILS PETER TO THE CELLAR...
GOOD GRIEF!... GASP! HE'S CHANGED CLOTHING! HE... HE'S NO LONGER PETER, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP! HE'S ROBIN HOOD! LIKE SUPERMAN, ROBIN HOOD USES A SECRET IDENTITY!

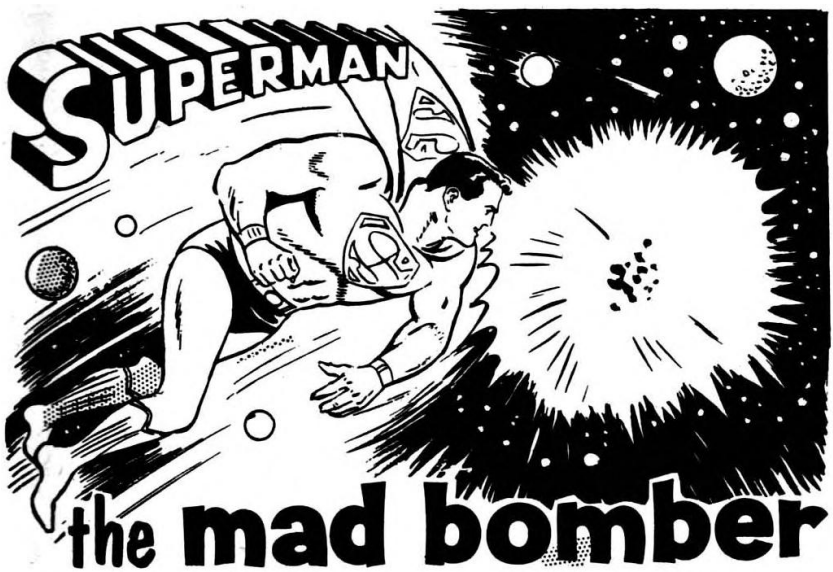
In, RACES TO. WHAT AN AMAZING COINCIDENCE! JUST LiKE SURGR MBAITES AFTER, RS ROBIN HOOD. THE STREET. Sit F081 MOOD MANTANS 4 SECRET IDENT! ‘CAN FIGHT INJUSTICE MORE EFFECTIVELY BY REI “UNDERCOVER’ VILLAINS IN THEIR ACTS OF CRIME. rene, See eS is (AGAio LAURA'S KISSING Hie! le Sasol) Foam csv oF ume Se ene ener, Pit ade hie Sano See EE Bot ets ng THOU IMPRISONED MANV AN HONEST YEO THOSE STOCKS! ‘TIS TIME THE KINGOOM'S MOST ‘MAN HAD A TURN IN THEM! ‘EVEN AS ROBR HOOD │= THE FIRST ARROW... NONSENSE, LASS! I OONOT BELIEVE IN MAGIC OR EVIL INFLUENCES. MAYHAP I AM OVERTIRED! I-I WILL REST WHILE YOU RUN TO FOREST ANO SUMMON, AG) MERRY MEN! IT CANNOT NOW Se BATTLE THE SHERIFF ALONE! WARN ROBIN HOOD! HE'S BECOME VERY WPORTANT TO ME! IF I'M TRAPPED IN THE PAST FOREVER, I CAN MAKE A NEW LIFE HERE BY MARRYING HUM! OF COURSE, LAURA IS MY RIVAL, COMPETED WITH ME RAMAN, BUT I'M SURE Z'LL WIN OUTS, 35

HOOD LIKE DEADLY Nees ARROWS ACT ye Zh la eal GASP! IN THE EXCITE FORGOT TO WARN ROBIN HOOD AED A " cL KEEP SEARCHING) STRONGER!, THE INNS zon! WOOO'S LIFE WHEN HE Spy CAME IN CONTACT WITH IT! PSSTTT... ROBIN HOODY COME THIS WAY! YOU'RE JOO WEAK TO HOLO THEM OFF THEN. | THOU HAST SAVED) MAY LIFE, LOIS.” TO PROVE MY GRAT!

BUT EVEN AS LOIS GOES TO ROBIN HOOD...
'TIS TRUE! ;GASP! I-I MUST RUN FOR MY LIFE! I'LL USE THE REAR DOOR!
AFTER HIM, MEN! HIS ARROWS CAN NO LONGER HARM US! HE HASN'T EVEN THE STRENGTH TO FIRE THEM!
BUT THEN, AS ROBIN HOOD STAGGERS OUT...
ROBIN HOOD IS DOOMED! I COATED THE TIPS OF HIS ARROWS WITH GREEN-COLORED SMOKE VENOM! WHEN HIS FINGERS TOUCHED THE TIPS OF THE GREEN SHAFTS TO FIRE THEM, THE POISON ENTERED HIS BODY THROUGH HIS SKIN!
S-SO THAT'S IT! NO WONDER THE GREEN ARROWS ACTED ON ROBIN HOOD LIKE DEADLY KRYPTONITE!
SHORTLY, AS ROBIN HOOD IS CONVERSED...
PSSTT... ROBIN HOOD! COME THIS WAY! YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO HOLD THEM OFF!
CLUNK!
SOCK!
YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE THE SHERIFF IS TO USE YOUR SECRET IDENTITY AS PETER, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP!
BE NOT DISMAYED, ROBIN! LOIS TOLD ME SHE ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED THEE CHANGING COSTUMES IN THE CELLAR! WE MUST NOW DISGUISE THEE AS PETER! HURRY!
SOON, AFTER "PETER" IS SPIRITED UPSTAIRS...
SEARCH THE INN! IF YOU FIND A ROGUE WITH GREEN ARROWS... THE CHANCES ARE HE'S ROBIN HOOD IN DISGUISE!
;GASP!! IN THE EXCITEMENT I FORGOT TO WARN ROBIN HOOD ABOUT THE GREEN ARROWS! HE MUST STILL HAVE THEM!
MOMENTS LATER, IN LAURA'S ROOM...
LAURA, WE'RE TRAPPED! THE SHERIFF IS SEARCHING THE HOUSE! IF HE FINDS THESE GREEN ARROWS HERE, HE'LL KNOW PETER IS ROBIN HOOD!
THEN 'TIS TIME I MADE A CONFESSION! I'M REALLY MAID MARIAN! HERE IS THE RED VEGETABLE DYE I USE TO COLOUR MY BLONDE HAIR RED!
LATER...
HE ISN'T HERE! THIS FELLOW HATH RED ARROWS! KEEP SEARCHING THE INN!
PSST... LOIS, 'TIS STRANGE! I SUDDENLY FEEL STRONGER!
LUCKILY, THIS RED VEGETABLE DYE THRWED OUT TO BE AN ANTIDOTE FOR SMOKE POISON! UNCANNILY, JUST AS RED KRYPTONITE DOES UNPREDICTABLE THINGS... LIKE SOMETIMES SAVING SUPERMAN'S LIFE, SO THIS RED DYE SAVED ROBIN HOOD'S LIFE WHEN HE CAME IN CONTACT WITH IT!
WE'LL DIP THE ENDS OF THE ARROWS IN THE RED DYE... AND ALSO SMEAR IT OVER THE QUIVER!
OKAY, LAURA... I-I MEAN MAID MARIAN!
NO WONDER SHE KISSED ROBIN HOOD! SHE'S HIS SWEETHEART! I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HER BECAUSE THE PORTRAIT IN THE MUSEUM SHOWED A GIRL WITH BLONDE HAIR!
THEN... THOU HAST SAVED MY LIFE, LOIS! TO PROVE MY GRATITUDE, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR THEE!
OH, BOY! HERE IT COMES! HE PROBABLY WANTS TO ASK ME TO MARRY HIM!
I'M GOING TO MARRY MAID MARIAN AND I WANT THEE, LOIS, TO BE HER BRIDESMAID!
U-HER BRIDESMAID? ;GASP!! OHHH! I'M FAINTING! THE ROOM'S WHIRLING AROUND...
SUDDENLY, AFTER TRAVELLING THROUGH A STRANGE, BLACK VOID...
SHE'S RESPONDING TO THE SMELLING SALTS, MR. KENT!
CLARK! ;GULP! ... WHAT HAPPENED?
WE DETECTED THE FAINT ODOUR OF POISON ON ONE OF THESE ARROW TIPS! THE VENOM MUST'VE PENETRATED YOUR SKIN AND CAUSED YOU TO BLACK OUT!
LATER, AFTER LOIS TELLS CLARK ABOUT HER EXPERIENCE IN THE PAST...
YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN THE PAST, LOIS! IT WAS ALL A DREAM!
MAYBE SO! AT ANY RATE, THOUGH I LOST ROBIN HOOD TO MAID MARIAN, THAT RED-HAIRED HUSSY, LANA LANG, WON'T WIN SUPERMAN'S HEART! I'LL YET MARRY THE SUPERMAN OF THIS AGE!

ICK-tick-tick ... It was just a faint sound. Amid the myriad other sounds that arose from the have earth. But the red-caped figure flying above the on the planet Krypton, child, imbued with superhuman powers. One of them was superHe reacted with super-speed. “Another bomb! And it’s in the basement of the Capitol building,” he said to himself as he zoomed downwards. A basement door flew open at his BOMB BLAST Tick-tick-tick Superman's amazing night vision served him well. He spotted the wooden box from which the ticking was coming. Snatching it up, he made for the door and a moment later he was rocketing skywards. “I only hope I can get far enough from Metropolis to avoid any danger to people when the bomb goes off,” he thought. He was streaking beyond the atmosphere, rising towards the stars, when—BOOM! Superman had hurled the bomb away from him a second before it exploded. His X-ray vision, focused on the box, had seen the He turned back towards Earth. The bright lights of the city grew rapidly brighter as he approached. Then suddenly, a brighter light outshone the rest. It was an orange glow that unfolded like a flower. BOOM! With a 7 ing sense of failure, Superman turned in midair towards the explosion point. The police were already at the scene when Superman landed lightly on the sidewalk. Flames were shooting from the shattered walls of a fine modern building, housing some of the city’s antiquities. The police chief turned to greet the Man of Steel. “I guess there isn’t much you can do, Superman,” he said. “The Mad Bomber has been up to his tricks again.” Superman frowned. “I’m going to put that fire out, Chief,” he said. “Will you see if you can find any witnesses to what happened?” “Sure, Superman,” promised the police chief. Superman bounded into the air and sped towards the port. He saw what he wanted in the supply yards—several massive caissons. In a flash he set to work, opening up the steel watertight cases and welding them together with the sheer super-strength of his amazing hands. He dived towards the water, filled the container, and a few moments later was flying back towards the fire. The watchers gasped at the sight of the Man of Steel approaching with the enormous steel tank. He tipped it so that the water ran in through the shattered walls and a-tremendous hiss arose as the fire died away. Superman set down his home-made fire extinguisher and the police chief hurried forward. “Superman! There’s an old lady who may have seen the

Mad Bomber," he said. MAN HUNT A patrolman came forward, leading by the arm a little, white-haired woman dressed in old-fashioned, rusty black clothes. "Oh, how exciting! Fancy getting to talk to Superman," she dithered. He smiled. "Thank you," he said. "But please tell me about this man you saw, Mrs... ? "*Mrs Pennyrand," she replied. 37

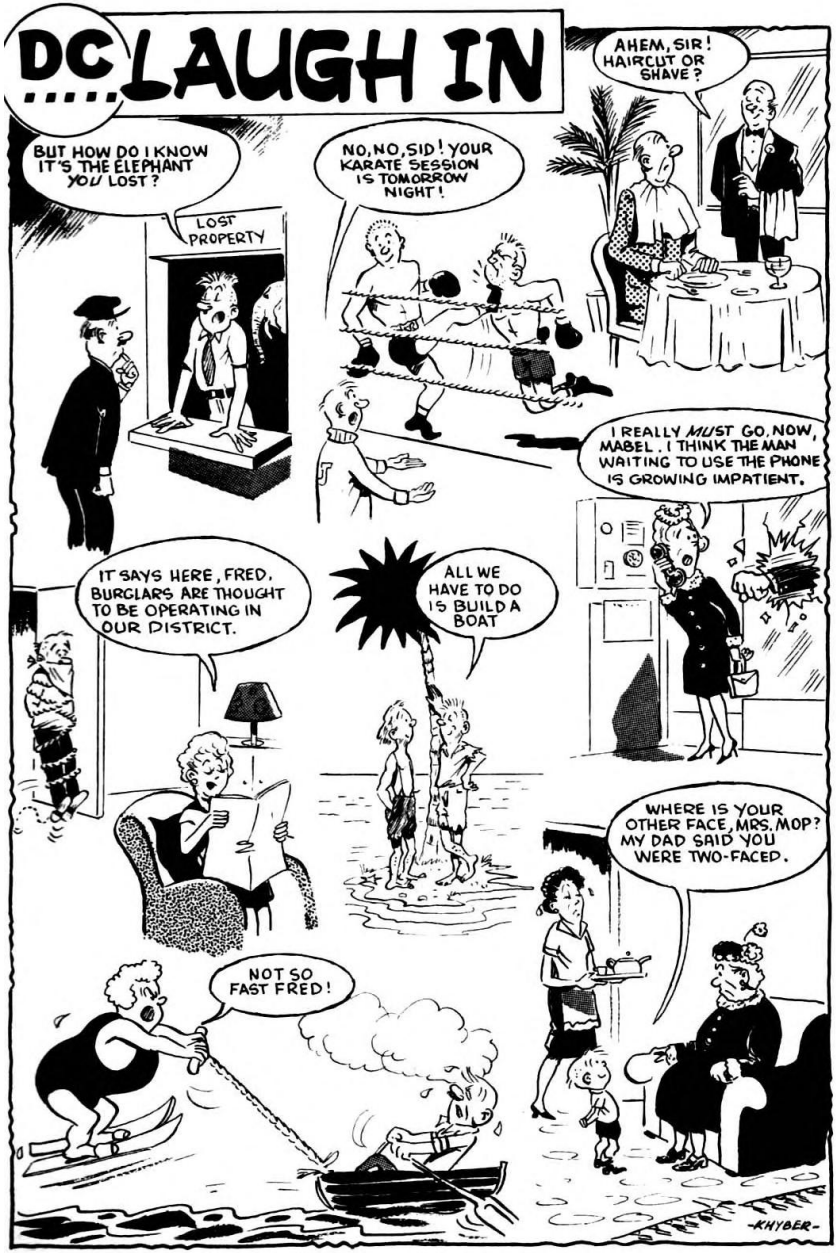


You see / know your wea n, this is powdered kryptonite “Well, he was carrying a wooden box and there was a ticking noise coming from it, and he disappeared into that alleyway behind the art gallery.” Superman turned towards the police chief. “May we take Mrs Pennyrand to headquarters to look through your file of criminals, Chief?” he asked. “Just what I was going to suggest,” nodded the other. A few minutes later the little old lady was staring with bright, curious eyes at the “mug shots” of criminals. Suddenly she gave a little cry and pointed to a picture. “That’s the man I saw!” she said. The police chief picked up the file. Superman peered over his shoulder at the face that looked sullenly from the photograph. “Jelly Jackson!” exclaimed the police official. “Got his nickname from being an expert in gelignite.” Superman nodded. “Do you know where we can start looking for him, Chief?” The other shrugged. “I guess not, Superman. Jelly just dropped out of sight after he came out of prison.” Superman turned and strode away. “T'll work on it, Chief,” he promised. “Whoever he is, we've got to get this Mad Bomber behind bars before he does any more damage.” Mrs Pennyrand waved her hand. “Good hunting, Superman,” she cried. All that night the search went on for Jelly Jackson but not a trace was found of the wanted man. As dawn spread over the city, Superman returned to an apartment block near the Offices of the Metropolis daily newspaper, the Planet. In an alley nearby he switched back to his role as Clark Kent, reporter. Then he walked up to his apartment and was having breakfast when the phone rang. ANOTHER BOMB “Clark?” It was the voice of Lois Lane, pretty girl reporter on the Planet. “Listen Clark,” she said. “There was another bombing last night and the police and Superman are looking for a man called Jelly Jackson. Well, we've had a tip that he had been working on the building site on the West Bank, near the Long Bridge but he died yesterday morning—of a heart attack. He just couldn’t have been the Bomber. I think we ought to get hold of that Mrs Pennyrand and ask her how she came to pin the bombing on an innocent man.”” 38 They drove to the address that the old lady had given to the police, a genteel apartment block in the lessfashionable section of the city. Clark led the way up the stairs. He gave a quick rap on the door, although his X-ray vision had already told him that the apartment was deserted. He pretended to try the door handle, and feigned surprise when it

opened. Lois had no idea that the super-strength of his hands had forced the lock. Ze, Ne oe Za * f ay} Ke) Ti Leeach They walked into the apartment. It was full of sticks of explosive, detonators and pieces of clock mechanism. “She must be the Mad Bomber,” exclaimed Lois. “Oh, isn’t it horrible, Clark!” He ushered her out of the building. “Take it easy, Lois,” he said. “Get back to the office and write the story. Tell Perry White that I stayed to do a bit of checking.” When Lois had driven away, Clark dived into a disused building and made his lightning switch. In a few seconds he emerged as Superman. Launching himself into the air, he sped over the tall city buildings. “My super-intuition tells me that Mrs Pennyrand is about to blow up another of our important city landmarks,” he said. Then he spotted her. A lone little figure balanced on a girder of the new suspension bridge that spanned the harbour. She was carrying a brown paper parcel, and his super-hearing picked up the “tick-tick-tick” of another time bomb. He landed on the girder upon which Mrs Pennyrand was perched. “I'll take the parcel,” he said, reaching for, it. She backed - away. “No!” she exclaimed. “I am merely doing my duty as a citizen.” “Your duty?” Superman’s brow furrowed in bewilderment. “Blowing up new buildings?” “Yes,” declared Mrs Pennyrand. “They disfigure our city. I hate them. Nobody can stop me—not even you, Superman!” She had taken from her pocket a small silver snuffbox. She snapped open the lid. “Care for a pinch of snuff?” she asked, holding out the box. Superman felt his head begin to swim. Weakness struck into his bones. Mrs Pennyrand chuckled. “You see, I know your weakness, Superman. This is powdered kryptonite in my snuffbox.” She flung the contents of the box into Superman’s face and he sank to his knees, shaking his head. Green kryptonite was a mineral from his own planet Krypton, and it was the one substance which could weaken his super-strength. He teetered unsteadily on the edge of that frightening drop. With a thrust of a tiny foot she sent him toppling over. Calmly she placed the bomb in position and then hurried away to her home. ONE MINUTE She was almost at her front door when Superman called to her. “Oh, Mrs Pennyrand; you left this behind you!” She gasped and grew ‘pale. For Superman was walking behind her, carrying the time-bomb in his hands. With a shriek of fear, Mrs Pennyrand fled—into the arms of police. “Tell him to take it away!” she shrieked. “I'll confess everything. I planted all the bombs. Only make Superman take that

bomb away. It will explode in one minute from now!" Superman nodded to the police chief. "See you later, Chief!" he said. "I think another trip into space would be the best way of disposing of the lady's parcel."

AHEM, SIR! HAIRCUT OR SHAVE ? BUT HOW DO 1 KNOW NO,NO,SID! youR IT'S THE ELEPHANT KARATE SESSION YOU LOST? OW | REALLY A7U/ST_GO,NOW, MABEL . | THINK THE MAN WAITING TO USE THE PHONE (5 GROWING IMPATIENT, IT SAYS HERE, FRED, BURGLARS ARE THOUGHT HAVE TO DO TO BE OPERATING IN 1S yan A OUR DISTRICT. WHERE 1S YOUR ~———_/ OTHER FACE, MRS, MOP? MY DAD SAB You K\ WERE TWO-FACED. Copyright © 1969 National Periodical Publications. Inc.. U.S.A. All rights reserved. 39 Published by Top Sellers Lid.. 93 Great Portland Street. London W.1. Printed in England by Allens Printers (Wales) Lid.. in association with Godfrey Lang Lid.. London.


DC LAUGH IN
BUT HOW DO I KNOW IT'S THE ELEPHANT YOU LOST?
LOST PROPERTY
NO, NO, SID! YOUR KARATE SESSION IS TOMORROW NIGHT!
AHEM, SIR! HAIRCUT OR SHAVE?
I REALLY MUST GO, NOW, MABEL. I THINK THE MAN WAITING TO USE THE PHONE IS GROWING IMPATIENT.
IT SAYS HERE, FRED, BURGLARS ARE THOUGHT TO BE OPERATING IN OUR DISTRICT.
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BUILD A BOAT
WHERE IS YOUR OTHER FACE, MRS. MOP? MY DAD SAID YOU WERE TWO-FACED.
NOT SO FAST FRED!
-KHYBER-

DIRECT FROM THE U.S.A. = > MANY SUPER TITLES
———__ & Futt COLOUR Action | _ EVERY MONTH Seam
WCLUDIN... e z "(NET | —_-BATMAN a7 v g" zs LOIS LANE IRDER
YOUR GOPIES NOW!